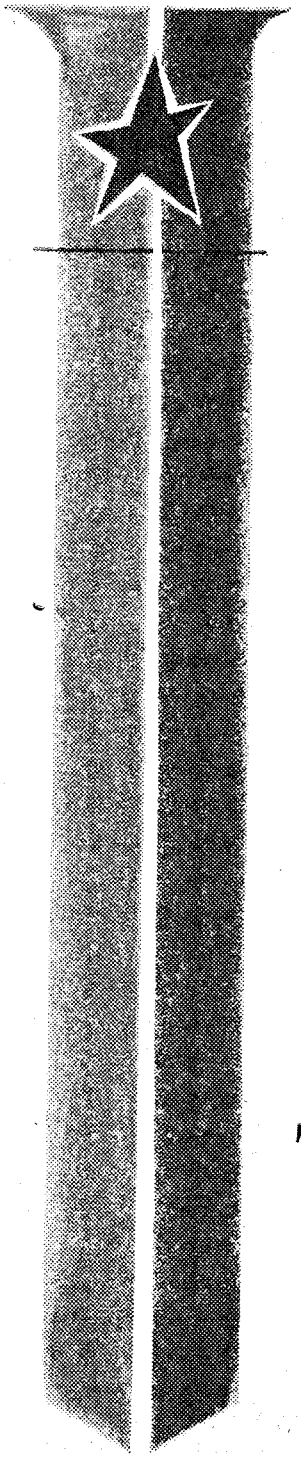
THE
NATION

NOVEMBER 5, 1960 . . 25c



DEBATING
THE GREAT DEBATE

Alan Harrington • Don W. Kleine
W. G. McLoughlin • Harvey Wheeler
Kenneth Rexroth

GOLDEN HEMORRHAGE

The Dollar Under Attack

Peter L. Bernstein

THE AFFLUENT UNDERDOG

British Labour in Crisis

A Review by Arnold S. Kaufman

The Charles E. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

'Gambling, Inc.'

Dear Sirs: The greatest value of Mr. Cook's article is the fact that it shows quite dramatically and graphically that gambling is the lifeblood of organized crime, or, as the editors term it, the "treasure chest of the underworld." If we can get home to the public that gambling is not an idle pastime, it will be a lot easier not only for law enforcement but for the executive and legislative parts of our government to move ahead on this most dangerous and vicious business. This was clearly pointed out in the presentment of the Brooklyn Rackets Grand Jury on the gambling problem.

Also, from my point of view, one of the outstanding failures of the article is that it does not seem to recognize the fact that law enforcement needs the tool of interception of telephone wires used by the underworld if we are to be able to cope with this situation. The article emphasizes, as it should, that gambling could not operate without getting the "line," or the results. This clearly shows that the underworld makes full use of the telephone in its business. How ridiculous can we get, insisting that law enforcement should not be able to intercept those phones in our effort to find out who are engaged in the business, particularly those at the top?

The article intimates that politicians have a real part in the gambling racket. I am not competent to talk about other areas of the country, but I can say to you categorically that it is certainly not so in Brooklyn. . . . I am sure we would have found it, if it was there. Harry Gross, who spilled his guts, never once gave us any information of that kind, and I don't think he was covering anybody on that score.

EDWARD S. SILVER
District Attorney, Kings County
New York City

Dear Sirs: Fred J. Cook's description of gambling and syndicated crime is excellent. He has placed the two-dollar horse bet and the 50c lottery ticket in proper perspective as the foundation upon which growing decadence and corruption are built.

The key to effective syndicated-crime suppression is criminal prosecution of that relatively small number of syndicate leaders who direct and finance these gigantic operations. Yet the federal government, which alone has the power, has not assumed its responsibility. . . .

From a prosecution point of view, legalization of gambling is not the answer, as Mr. Cook so clearly demonstrates. . . . I believe that a small, mobile federal prosecuting task force should be created to bring the leadership of syndicated crime under effective control. This was the formal recommendation of the Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime. S. 3645, introduced by Senators Kefauver and McClellan on June 8, 1960, seeks the same objective. . . .

Fred J. Cook and *The Nation* deserve congratulations for exposing this rotten side of our society at the height of the Presidential campaign.

MILTON R. WESSEL
New York City

[Mr. Wessel was chief of the Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime and was prosecutor at the famous Apalachin trial of big-time gangsters.]

Dear Sirs: At our monthly Board of Directors meeting I circulated advance copies of "Gambling, Inc." with the result that a special committee was appointed to plan a follow-up campaign with letters and asking for comment. Our New Hampshire Committee, in the presence of several public officials, agreed to do something about the gambling problems. First step was to ask newspapers not to publish the daily

To Get Copies of "GAMBLING, INC." At Low Bulk Rates See Page 353.

Treasury balance. Two church leaders asked for several hundred copies to circulate among Social Relations Committee chairmen in the state.

Shortly I plan to go to Pittsfield, Mass., starting with a breakfast meeting of ministers, to be followed at noon with a meeting attended by a cross-section committee for the purpose of planning a campaign to get a No vote, at the state polls on November 8, on the question of the race track now operating at Hancock.

DWIGHT S. STRONG, Executive Secretary
New England Citizens Crime Commission
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I am very much impressed with the scope and depth of the coverage Mr. Cook gives to the organized crime problem. I cannot recall anything to equal it in any other national periodical. . . . I am intensely interested in seeing that the issue gets widespread reading throughout Louisiana. With this in mind, I have already discussed with officials of the Federation of Churches the possibility of large volume purchases and distribution. . . .

AARON M. KOHN, Managing Director
Metropolitan Crime Commission
of New Orleans
New Orleans, La.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

337 ●

ARTICLES

339 ● Golden Hemorrhage
by PETER L. BERNSTEIN

Debating the Great Debate
342 ● ALAN HARRINGTON
343 ● HARVEY WHEELER
344 ● KENNETH REXROTH
346 ● W. G. McLOUGHLIN
347 ● DON W. KLEINE

348 ● Football's Phantom Sophomore
by MURRAY CHASS

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

349 ● The Affluent Underdog
by ARNOLD S. KAUFMAN

350 ● Youth (poem)
by BEN BELITT

351 ● Among the Rats
by W. S. MERWIN

352 ● Nothing Is Static
by
WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

353 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

354 ● Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE

355 ● Films
by ROBERT HATCH

356 ● Art
by FAIRFIELD PORTER

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 356)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Nov. 5, 1960. Vol. 191, No. 15

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Tel: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year. Foreign $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 15

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Cuba and Guatemala

Mr. Nixon's basic strategy has been to portray Mr. Kennedy as a brash young man aspiring to an office for which he is unqualified, in contrast to himself — experienced, imperturbable, hardened in the fires of the kitchen debate with Khrushchev and countless missions as a Presidential surrogate. In the controversy over American policy in Cuba, Mr. Kennedy played right into Mr. Nixon's hands. In Milwaukee, the Senator protested: "I have never advocated and I do not advocate intervention in Cuba in violation of our treaty obligations." But this is not the impression millions of TV viewers got when he made his original statement. In trying to show beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was not soft on Castro, the Senator made a mistake, and it was a whopper. In accordance with the mores of elections, he did not admit the mistake, but pleaded that he had been misunderstood. This was hardly calculated to gladden the hearts of the more discerning among his supporters, but the manner and method of Mr. Nixon's riposte were such as to confirm them in their conviction that they were in the right camp.

The Vice President, the apostle of international law and order, castigated Mr. Kennedy's stand and contrasted it with his own, which is that we should deal with the Castro government as the Eisenhower Administration dealt with the Arbenz regime in Guatemala. Mr. Nixon described this as a policy of "quarantine" which encouraged the people of Guatemala to rise in their wrath and expel the Reds. Raymond Clapper once advised his fellow-journalists never to underestimate the intelligence of the average citizen, nor to overestimate his information. The Vice President goes further: he seems to think that not only the common man, but all the political commentators suffer from political amnesia. In this instance, he was quickly disillusioned. Newspapers all over the country pointed out that the Guatemalan government was overthrown by an insurrection prepared and managed by the Government of the United States, which supplied the money, the weapons and the strong-arm diplomacy in the Security Council and the Organization of American States. And Vice President Richard M. Nixon was high in the councils of the Administration which engineered what he now depicts as a democratic revolution. The rocks and rotten tomatoes which greeted him on his most recent trip to South America should have warned him that memories are not as short as he thinks.

The important thing now is not so much the effect on the election of the Kennedy-Nixon argument over Cuba, but what will happen after the election, or perhaps even before it. In his original statement, Mr. Kennedy in effect advocated for Cuba the policy which the Eisenhower-Dulles-Nixon regime carried out in Guatemala. Unless there is some further hedging, the two are substantially agreed. But this is 1960, not 1954. Since then there have been two ill-starred adventures in this line: the Israeli-British-French invasion of the Sinai Peninsula and the Soviet crushing of the Hungarian revolt. Cuba is certainly not important enough to justify a diplomatic debacle on that scale. Yet, with the election having reached the slugging stage, events are tending in that direction. The Cuban counterparts of the late Col. Carlos Castillo Armas are drilling their platoons in Florida, Mr. Nixon has persuaded the Eisenhower Administration to impose an embargo on exports to Cuba which will serve only to strengthen the island's ties with the Soviets, and voices are beginning to call for American recognition of a Cuban government-in-exile. If the American election paves the way for an American Hungary in the Western Hemisphere, it will be an evil augury for the next administration, whether under Kennedy or Nixon.

Safe at Last

Some fifteen mock-geniuses of the quiz programs have been arrested at last and we can sleep soundly once more. No longer are our homes and loved ones threatened by the corrupting spectacle of a member of the I.Q. elite wickedly pretending to recall offhand the maiden names of the wives of defeated candidates for the Vice Presidency. No longer is that most touching body of innocents—the networks, sponsors and advertising agencies of American television—exposed to the wolfish ravenings of such as Charles Van Doren and Elfrida Von Nardroff. The ship of state has lifted her keel from the rocks of false encyclopedism, and sails in the calm roadstead of Maverick and Perry Como. The

NOV 4 '60

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

genius of United States justice is that it knows where to strike. An unsophisticated observer might suppose that the $10 billion toll which illegal gambling extracts from the public each year [see "Gambling, Inc." by Fred J. Cook; *The Nation*, October 22] posed a greater threat to national welfare than the spurious erudition of the quiz clowns. But the guardians of our commonweal know that we must put Mrs. Vivienne Nearing behind bars before we can afford the time and resolution to move against the Syndicate.

Non-Bids

In a recent issue of *Time*, the literary editors devoted their department to a discussion of "non-books," i.e., publications which look like books but are intended, not for reading, but as raw material for movie scripts and the like. The concept seems a useful one: a variant appears in a paper by Vernon A. Mund on "Identical Bid Prices" (*Journal of Political Economy*, Vol. LXVIII, No. 2, April, 1960). Professor Mund states that government procurement agencies are now confronted by identical bidding as a "regular, constant, and continuous phenomenon — not sporadic or transitory." He cites a few dozen instances. The Bureau of Reclamation needed potential transformers: Westinghouse Electric, General Electric and Allis-Chalmers all came up with a unit price of $2,695 — not a dollar less, not a dollar more. The Department of the Army solicited bids for yeast: Anheuser-Busch, Standard Brands, Red Star Yeast and Federal Yeast all patriotically offered yeast at $0.1450 per pound. Paper cups were offered to the State of Virginia by eight bidders at $6.18 per thousand. This remarkable uniformity seemed to go awry when the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare went into the market for tetracycline. Squibb, Upjohn, Bristol and Lederle offered 100-capsule lots at $19.58, while Pfizer generously bid $19.188. But on further analysis, this striking illustration of free enterprise in action came to naught, for Pfizer's bid was net, while the others were subject to a discount of 2 per cent — 30 days, which, when deducted from $19.58, leaves $19.1884.

In New York City there has recently been a scandal over purchases of rock salt, used to melt snow off the streets. Rock salt is a commodity which shows a remarkable economic uniformity all over the country. The Washington *Post* found that the District of Columbia received "remarkably similar" bids, differing by a grand total of 2 cents per ton. The head of the Justice Department's anti-trust division, Robert A. Bicks, assured the *Post* that the matter was being looked into by a grand jury in Springfield, Illinois. The inquiry covers 360 municipalities, including the District. The same thing happens with cement. When purchasing agents receive identical bids, some draw the winner from a hat. Chicago's purchasing agent, John F. Ward, has a different solution. "When I get identical bids," he says, "I keep giving the business to just one of the firms, instead of spreading it out. That way, you can create a dogfight sometimes. The screams really go out, and the price comes down."

In Philadelphia, twenty electrical firms are under criminal indictment for violation of the anti-trust laws, and federal attorneys will seek to prove that practically the entire heavy electrical-equipment industry is guilty of price-fixing. The companies plead that they cannot be held responsible for the alleged irregularities of their employees, who, though severely instructed not to rig prices, somehow meet on golf courses and at Rotary Club lunches or, by extrasensory perception, arrive at the same results. Another legal argument is that competition is so perfect that identical bids inevitably result. Striving mightily to achieve rock-bottom prices, each company succeeds, and naturally the prices and bids are the same.

Professor Mund states that the present policy of anti-trust agencies is to prosecute identical bidding only when there is *proof* of collusion. He proposes a new working rule whereby identical bidding will lead to a presumption that the bidding was collusive; the presumption could, of course, be rebutted. His suggestion does not seem unreasonable.

Mr. Ehrenburg Protests

Ilya Ehrenburg, the well-known Soviet novelist and publicist, through a British intermediary, has requested *The Nation* to register his protest against the unauthorized publication in this country of an English translation of his early work, *The Stormy Life of Lasik Roitschwantz*. We are glad to accommodate Mr. Ehrenburg, the more so as it affords us an opportunity to voice a protest of our own which is not unrelated to his. We have just been advised that the Trade Union Publishing House of the USSR has published, in an edition of 100,000 copies, a translation of our special issue, "The Shame of New York," by Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason (Oct. 31, 1959). Needless to say, the Soviet publication of "The Shame of New York" was as entirely unauthorized as, according to Mr. Ehrenburg, was the English version of *The Stormy Life of Lasik Roitschwantz*.

Nevertheless, we herewith formally convey Mr. Ehrenburg's protests, as requested; we hope Mr. Ehrenburg, on his side, will do as much for us.

Georgia Justice

Last month Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., was fined $25 for driving without a Georgia driver's license. Judge Oscar Mitchell of DeKalb Civil and Criminal Court,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tempering justice with mercy, suspended a twelve-month jail sentence. But then the Rev. King, a hardened offender, participated in an Atlanta sit-in demonstration and was again arrested. As part of a thirty-day truce in the Atlanta sit-in campaign, he was released. Judge Mitchell summoned the ungrateful Dr. King to his court to show cause why his arrest in the sit-in demonstration should not void the suspension. Dr. King's lawyer argued that the Georgia law under which the second arrest had occurred was unconstitutional. He also argued that the original twelve-month traffic sentence was twice as long as the law allowed. Judge Mitchell appears to have been swayed by this second argument. He ordered the defendant to serve only four months. Dr. King was first carted off to the Georgia state prison at Reidsville and then released on bail.

Governor Ernest Vandiver of Georgia was not available to the press, but his executive secretary, Peter Zack Geer, was pleased to comment. "I think the maximum sentence for Martin Luther King might do him good," opined Mr. Geer. "It might make a law-abiding citizen out of him and teach him to respect the law of Georgia." This will be read with interest at the United Nations, in darkest Africa, in restless Asia, in decadent Europe, and in that hotbed of mixed breeds, Latin America. To the populations of all these places, Georgia justice will seem peculiar indeed; it seems peculiar even to some in Georgia. Mayor William B. Hartsfield of Atlanta, a moderate in the integration dispute, said, "I have no desire to criticize the courts. But I have made requests of all the news agencies that in their stories they make it clear that this hearing did not take place in Atlanta."

Catch 'Em on the Campus

The American Cancer Society is the biggest spoilsport in the nation. One of its recent exhibitions of sheer meanness is a series of long interviews with a sample group of 587 doctors around the country. Did the doctors consider cigarette-smoking a major cause of lung cancer? Two out of three did; half of the affirmatives were sure, the other half considered it "probable." Over half of the doctors either never smoked cigarettes, or have stopped. Not content with frightening the doctors, the society has been trying to dissuade teen-agers from beginning to smoke. In the first eight months of the campaign, 10,000 film strips have been distributed throughout the country. The effort, says *The New York Times*, "is clearly designed to offset efforts of cigarette makers to sell their products to young persons."

Since the Cancer Society's educational budget totals only $113,000, it may reasonably be hoped that not too many young persons will be deprived of the pleasure and solace of smoking. Can one doubt that the cigarette manufacturers have more than $113,000 to spend in countering the Cancer Society's morbid propaganda? The college market is of great importance in the manufacturers' calculations; the *Times* reports on Philip Morris, Inc., which has established a full-scale campus promotion program. This company maintains full-time college supervisors in each of its basic sales regions. The supervisors hire and train undergraduates to act as student representatives. Ingenious techniques were evolved. Fraternities competed with each other in trying to guess the greatest number of football scores correctly. This may seem to have little to do with cigarette-smoking, but each score had to be written on the back of a Philip Morris wrapper. Prizes ranged from phonographs and ping-pong tables to trips to Europe. Today, things are even better integrated. Philip Morris' personnel men visit the campuses and pick promising juniors for summer training with the company. The trainees serve as campus representatives in their senior year and, if they fulfill their promise, are offered positions with the company. Many, says the *Times*, "have now advanced to key executive posts with Philip Morris."

Philip Morris has 165 campus representatives across the country and, just to show how silly the two-thirds of those 587 medical calamity-howlers are, none of them has yet developed lung cancer.

GOLDEN HEMORRHAGE . . *by Peter L. Bernstein*

THE GOLD AND DOLLAR "problem" has been allowed to deteriorate until it now reveals unmistakable signs of crisis. An acceleration in the outflow of gold from the United States, frenzied speculation in the precious metal in London, soothing and meaningless statements from the powers that be, the increasing use in the public prints of expressions such as "devaluation" and "foreign exchange controls" — all indicate that matters are close to a boiling point. A strange paradox for the wealthiest country in the world, sitting on a gold hoard that is nearly half the world's total monetary gold supply!

The elements of the problem are relatively simple. The possible solutions are diverse and vary in complexity. The problem is definitely soluble and the crisis can be avoided,

PETER L. BERNSTEIN, investment counselor and lecturer in economics at the New School, writes frequently on economic affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but only on one condition: people must keep their heads and recognize that the United States is a long way from going broke. No banker, no matter how sound his institution, can pay off all his depositors if they ask for their money at once.

A brief review of the facts of the case will be helpful in understanding the possible solutions that may be adopted.

For a number of years, Americans have been paying out to foreign countries more money than foreigners have been spending here. Although sales of American goods and services abroad have been maintained at a better level than most people realize, our imports of foreign merchandise and our outlays for foreign services (especially travel by American tourists abroad) have been rising persistently. In addition, we are spending money abroad to maintain our troops and equipment on foreign soil, to finance the growing volume of investment by American business firms in foreign countries and, finally, to cover the aid that we have been giving to underdeveloped countries in the poorer areas of the world.

FOR EXAMPLE, here is what the U.S. balance of international payments looked like for the first six months of 1960:

	($ billions)
Payments received from foreigners	
Exports of goods and services	13.2
Payments made to foreigners	
Imports of merchandise and commercial services	10.3
U.S. military expenditures abroad	1.5
Private remittances	0.2
Government grants* and loans, net	1.6
Private investments	1.1
TOTAL	$14.7
Balance of payments deficit	$ 1.5

*Excluding goods and services transferred under military grants.

What does this deficit mean, as a practical matter? It means that there are more dollars being deposited in the bank accounts that foreign countries maintain in the United States than there are dollars being spent here by these countries. Much of this money remains here; it is invested in American securities of various types, or simply carried in the bank. Some, however, is withdrawn from the United States, and the withdrawals are made by buying gold from the U.S. Treasury and paying for it by drawing down the balances that each country has built up in its U.S. bank account. Thus, during the first six months of 1960, foreigners drew down $144 million of their bank accounts in order to purchase gold from the U.S. Treasury.

Since midsummer, however, the pace of converting dollars into gold has greatly accelerated. More gold went out in July than in the entire preceding six months, and withdrawals have continued at a weekly rate that has averaged around $50 million. The major reason for this change of pace was the decline in interest rates in the United States—a reflection of the slowing down of business conditions here, contrasted with continued higher rates of interest in Western European capitals. Many foreigners transferred money invested in short-term U.S. securities yielding no more than 3 per cent to Germany, Britain and France, where a return of better than 4 per cent was readily available and yields as high as 6 or 7 per cent could be obtained on longer-term investments.

One final point is extremely important. There has been no "flight from the dollar." The conversion of dollar balances into gold has taken only *part* of the increase in dollar holdings by foreign countries. At this writing, foreign holdings (excluding international institutions) of U.S. bank accounts and short-term securities are about $1.4 billion higher than they were a year ago.

NOW, the United States obviously must bring its international payments deficit into balance, or even into surplus, before too long. Foreigners will at some point get tired of accumulating more dollars than they want to spend here, and massive withdrawals will begin. If, at the same time, Americans become frightened about the future value of the dollar and a flight of American capital occurs at the same time that foreign capital is pulling out, the United States Government will then face the extremely unpleasant alternatives of devaluating the dollar (that is, insisting that foreigners give up more than $35 in order to buy an ounce of gold from us), reneging on our international obligations and our readiness to permit conversion from dollars into any other currency, or, at worst, of seeing our gold reserves completely depleted. In the last case, the consequences would include a ghastly process of deflation, bank failures, mass unemployment and refusal of foreigners to sell any more goods to us.

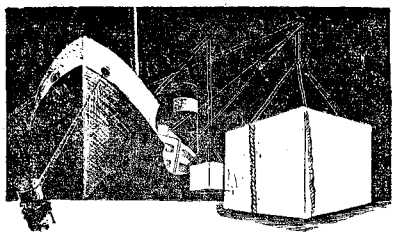
HOW, then, can we avoid the currency crisis which will crash around our heads sooner or later if we fail to face this problem?

One way, of course, would be to increase our sales of goods and services to foreigners. The trend in this direction is already favorable. The dissipation of inflationary influences in the United States economy this year is a basis for added optimism that our goods are priced right in world markets. At best, however, expansion of export trade is a long-term objective — probably longer term than we can afford under current conditions.

A second method to redress our payments imbalance would be to cut out our expenditures abroad for the maintenance of troops and equipment on foreign soil. But this is a political-strategic question, whose solution is dependent essentially upon either a recasting of American military strategy or a settlement with the Russians in which we agree to give up our foreign bases in return for some major concession from them.

A third method might be to cut out the foreign-aid program. There is considerable pressure for this. The simple arithmetic of the table above would seem to support the logic of it, in cold economic terms. But the fact is that the underdeveloped countries spend at least 75c out

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



of every dollar we give them on American goods and services. If there had been no foreign aid in the first half of this year, our out-payments would have been down $1.6 billion, but our exports would probably have been $1.2 billion less than they were. The net gain, in other words, would have been negligible in terms of money, while the net loss on a social or political level would probably have been catastrophic.

Could we apply tariffs or import quotas in an effort to reduce the volume of our payments to foreigners? In the short run, this would certainly reduce our balance of payments deficit, although it would also mean higher prices to be paid by Americans for the raw materials, machinery, toys, radios, automobiles, textiles, etc. that we can now buy so reasonably abroad. Before too long, however, shocked at our reversal from the vigorous pursuit of policies designed to *expand* the free flow of foreign trade, foreign governments would begin to retaliate by raising tariffs or applying import quotas against our goods and services. If our exports decline as fast as our imports, where is the gain?

THERE IS another solution, less apparent to the naked eye: As long as the cold war continues unabated, our Western European and Japanese friends are going to have to assume a larger share of its burdens. And they can well afford it by now. It is they who have been building up enormous dollar balances, while the rest of the world continues to be desperately short of dollars.

During the first six months of this year, for example, our exports to Western Europe and Japan exceeded our imports by $800 million (this was the excess of our receipts from them over our payments to them on account of commercial trade transactions). But this favorable factor was more than offset by over $1 billion in military expenditures for maintenance of bases in these areas. In addition, our payments were swelled by another half-billion in private, long-term investments of various sorts. These are the areas, in short, where the deficit in our international transactions is concentrated.

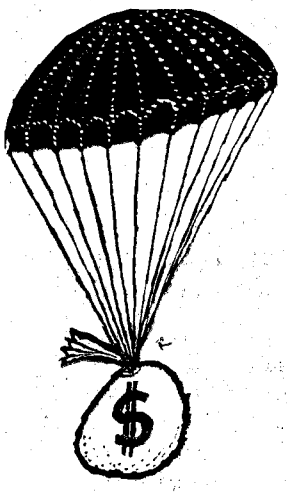
This is a continuation of a trend that has been in existence for a considerable period of time. About 60 per cent of the rise in our merchandise imports over the past four years has been in goods purchased from Western Europe and Japan. These countries account for all of the rise in the demand claims against America's gold since the end of 1957 (when the deficit in our balance of payments grew large enough to be a problem). Today they hold 60 per cent of all these foreign-owned short-term dollar assets.

Furthermore, although foreigners used to worry that Europe would catch pneumonia if America sneezed, our imports from these industrialized countries have developed a remarkable degree of insensitivity to business cycle changes in the United States. During the 1958 recession here, for example, our merchandise imports from Western Europe and Japan actually *rose* by around $250 million, while imports from the rest of the world — primarily imports of raw materials — dropped by more than $260 million.

WESTERN Europe and Japan actually have little choice. They clearly cannot enjoy or benefit from the demise of the dollar as an international currency. The political implications can hardly be exaggerated. Dollar devaluation would be the equivalent to a cut in the price of all American goods and an increase in the price of all foreign-made goods; the consequences to Western European and Japanese foreign trade would be distinctly unfavorable, because the United States must then take business away from them. Meanwhile, the movement of money from the United States has an extremely inflationary effect in the "receiving" countries and greatly complicates the problems of their governments in keeping their own price levels in line.

Furthermore, any of the steps we may take to protect ourselves will cut into Western Europe and Japan's currently flamboyant prosperity. Tariffs will dent their sales of merchandise to us. Import quotas will have the same result. Restricting American tourists in the amounts they can spend abroad will hurt tourist business. A cutback in our foreign-aid program would reduce the ability of the underdeveloped nations to buy goods and services in Europe and Japan. A tight money policy in the United States, designed to raise our interest rates and deflate our wage-price level, would certainly lead to a sharp reduction in our purchases abroad and would attract short-term funds from foreign money market centers to New York.

SINCE protection of the integrity of the dollar, therefore, has the most vital political and economic importance; since the persistence of our balance of payments deficit can be tolerated for only a short time longer; since the question of American military bases abroad requires a political rather than an economic decision; since steps to restore the balance of our international payments must in any case affect foreign economies, and since Western Europe and Japan are currently in a very strong economic position vis-à-vis the United States, the conclusion seems remarkably clear-cut. These countries must contribute a larger share of the costs of the for-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eign bases and must transfer as loans or aid some of their surplus dollar balances to the underdeveloped countries to speed economic progress throughout the world. While political methods must be used to attain this goal, the goal itself is an economic one. The reluctance of our foreign friends to pick up part of the tab is understandable, so long as Uncle Sam shows no disposition to protect himself.

In essence, then, since the economics of the entire matter is so clear, the problem boils down to one of political leadership and skill. In this area, as in most others, we can only hope that the next administration will show greater ability and willingness to seize the initiative before the crisis reaches fever heat.

DEBATING the GREAT DEBATE

Despite the cynics, the Presidential campaign seems to have turned up a genuine issue after all: Who Won the Great Debate and Was It a Good Idea in the First Place? Certainly no other issue in the campaign has aroused so much popular passion — and not only among Americans. And oddly, public interest centers at least as much on the debate itself — an innovation in campaign techniques — as on its possible effects on the election.

So it is on the debate, and not on its possible result (difficult to assess even after the returns are in), that we asked the contributors to the following symposium to address themselves. It's no good asking us on what basis we chose the contributors; there was no principle involved, scientific or otherwise. Our contributors have this much in common, and very little else: they are all American, they are all intelligent, and they were all watching their TV screens at the appropriate times. — EDITORS.

Asking for a Job

Alan Harrington

[*Mr. Harrington, whose* Life in the Crystal Palace *was an interesting analysis of the white-collar worker in a large corporation, sees the Great Debate as a kind of "personnel interview" for the biggest job in the country.*]

New York City

THE JOINT appearance of Senator Kennedy and Vice President Nixon on television may be imagined as the first great, nation-wide personnel interview in our history. We have an Executive vacancy that must be filled. Two men have beaten out all other applicants for the job. Now we must make the final choice between them. Their qualification records are before us, and so are their scores on various tests of excellence that interested authorities have devised. There remains the significant, intuitive relationship that must be established between members of the hiring committee (in this instance, millions of us) and the job applicants. This is especially important when we are choosing a man for leadership of a big enterprise like a country — when mismanagement in the next four years can contribute to world bankruptcy.

For the first time since our country came into being, virtually everyone has had the chance to watch the candidates — if not in the flesh at least in close-ups larger-than-life — under merciless conditions in which the smallest fumble, mumble, hint of hesitation or drop of perspiration is instantly magnified and placed on the record beyond hope of denial.

In dual loneliness, Kennedy and Nixon have to deal with us. The TV cameras enable us to look across our desks at the calm or fidgeting applicant and see his mettle tested. We can see him, in effect, heckled, even if the heckling has turned out to be mild. We see Kennedy and Nixon placed under conditions of stress, the way the personnel people like to do it, and observe how the applicants think on their feet. (I think where job-testing for positions in private industry is concerned, putting applicants under stress, or artificial stress, can often be incompatible with a regard for human dignity. Since Kennedy and Nixon are public men, we may ask them to stand up to this sort of thing.)

Until this year, most of the electorate has had to judge the Presidential candidates' fitness by hearsay, press reports, the sound of a radio voice, or their TV appearance *under controlled circumstances.* A political speech made before an admiring audience that will surely applaud the candidate, or a cozy chat issuing from his library, has never given us an approximation of the whole man. Now, thanks to the Kennedy-Nixon TV confrontations, we are appreciably closer to the valid, intuitive "take," the wholly human — even though sometimes mistaken — feeling we have about someone whom we are going to accept or reject for a job.

Of course, the candidates knew this and therefore they projected themselves in a conservative fashion. Since neither cared to take the risk of spoiling their images, they refrained from entertaining us with any bold ideas about running the country. We longed for a surprise, a few laughs, a leap of imagination. Nobody thought to suggest, as someone did just the other day, that we abandon Quemoy and defend Matsu.

Admit, then, that no great intellectual advances were scored during these TV debates. Acknowledge that important issues were not clarified. The individual natures of the *men* involved were clarified, it seems to me, in small but telling ways. In the political pit of the TV studio, the man under tremendous pressure, with a nation of eyes looking at him, must reveal parts of his nature unintentionally when his opponent attacks. I think this is true whether the attack is rough or relatively decorous.

Both candidates showed themselves to be extraordinarily quick-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

witted in face-to-face confrontation. They can speak English. I felt that both demonstrated toughness. This is important, since the new President will have to keep his head when big fists are hammered on the table in front of him — real, physical fists. The TV debates did not change this voter's feeling about Nixon. But Kennedy came across to me as a great deal bigger, stronger and more mature person than I had guessed. The electronic impression: "He can handle himself." That's all that's new, but enough to make one TV observer want very much to vote for him, as opposed (a month or so ago) to deciding not to vote at all.

From this living room, the debates appeared to be a wonderful idea, most welcome. Did they say nothing to you? Then you can, in good conscience, refuse to endorse either candidate.

Imagine such a debate taking place eight years ago between candidates Eisenhower and Taft, and later Eisenhower and Stevenson. Would history have been changed? One thing is likely — if TV debates of this kind become a matter of American political custom, all future Presidents of the United States, whatever their principles, will at any rate be quick and articulate men.

TV Technique

Harvey Wheeler

[*The author, who teaches political science at Washington and Lee University, examines the Great Debate in the light of the special characteristics of the communications medium in which it took place.*]

Lexington, Va.

REGARDLESS of what happens on Election Day, it will be almost impossible to determine the electoral effect of the TV debates between Kennedy and Nixon. If Nixon wins, there will be no way of measuring how the Great Debate affected his victory. If Kennedy wins, Nixon supporters are certain to credit the debates with a large responsibility for the victory. But the case will be hard to make unless Kennedy wins in a large popular (not merely electoral college) landslide. Yet it is already apparent that this innovation will have extensive ramifications.

There is no such thing as a "neutral" medium of communication or exchange. Every different type of channel or conveyer imparts its own peculiar form to the material it conveys. The barbecue-Chautauqua favored the oratorical elder statesman and was especially susceptible to emotional and demagogic exploitation. Radio put a high premium on a pleasing voice and accent. Television is even more of a homogenizing mass medium. It has created its own symbolic language: certain shorthand stereotypes which carry a maximum audio-visual message at a minimum cost. Television is for this reason most efficient as a medium of communication when the material it is given has been pre-translated into its own peculiar symbolic language. The most deeply etched stereotypes of television are the "good guys" and the "bad guys" — the Jack Armstrong All-American Boy versus the shady trickster. Television concentrates the expression of these stereotypes on the face. There is little doubt that in his debate with Nixon, Kennedy has profited from his fortuitous facial correspondence with TV's pre-established model of the "good guy."

Moreover, television is a full-attention, leisure, relaxation medium. It sits you down; it requires that you have available leisure; it asks for your full attention. This means that television is intrinsically the medium of affluence and indolence—especially in the evening hours. Even the marginal worker becomes — figuratively—affluent and indolent as he takes his place before his set. Television converts its viewers into a white-collar audience, regardless of their non-television status.

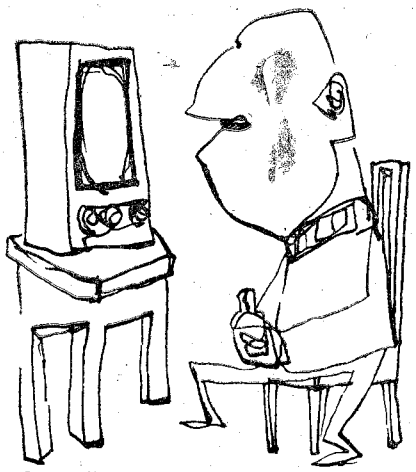
The white-collar (or bureaucratic) class is superseding the laboring classes as the politician's crucial electoral target. Already we know a great deal about the white-collar, bureaucratic man. He is other-directed and status-oriented. He has a characteristic set of fears and aspirations. From this standpoint, Nixon had every reason to expect that a TV debate with Kennedy would be to his advantage; he had television's built-in white-collar bias going for him in the beginning. But it is hard to say that he maintained that advantage throughout the series.

The evidence already in from polls indicates that the unusually high number of "undecideds" was largely concentrated among the white-collar groups. And this is consistent with all we know of them. For all people, and for white-collar people in particular, a conviction about who is going to win has a determining influence on the decision on whom to be for. If Nixon had made a clearly superior impression in the first debate, it is quite likely that he would have reaped the potential advantage available to him from television's white-collar bias. But the fact that he did not—the fact that he came through in the pre-established image of television's "bad guy"—may have tended to atomize the distribution of the white-collar vote among the two parties.

TELEVISION has a built-in situational bias regarding style of delivery. The orator haranguing a partisan rally develops a special technique for that situation. It is a situation which responds to exaggeration and caricature. But when a TV debate like that between Kennedy and Nixon is staged, the audience has neither organic nor political homogeneity. There is no mass response to the speakers. The viewer, isolated and relaxed, is in intimate contact with each speaker by turns. It is the setting of a living-room conversation, not a mass rally. In such a setting all of the exaggerations which have a positive effect on a mass rally have a negative effect on the living-room viewer.

Nixon had long ago developed an effective oratorical technique for addressing mass partisan rallies. His great success with the "Checkers" speech probably deceived him into assuming that the same style was well adapted to a television debate. But the "Checkers" speech was over a moral issue, not policy questions. And in that speech he was by himself on television—unchallenged by opponent or reporters. Now, in the debate, the gestures which are necessary in a mass rally appeared stagey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



and artificial; emotional issues which can be drummed into an organic audience of partisans seemed thin in an empty studio face to face with a pleasant Ivy-leaguer with a hair-trigger mind. It is this entirely unexpected failure of previously invincible methods which probably accounts for the bewilderment and shock which Nixon and his supporters displayed after the first round. In the three following rounds, Nixon progressively adjusted his style to the specific situational bias created by the debates. But even at the end he was not master of the situation.

Kennedy on television was the fortuitous beneficiary of his oratorical defects. He is not an orator. He seems temperamentally unable to develop an emotional theme. He addresses a rally gestureless, inflectionless and at a rate of speech so rapid as to render his arguments unintelligible. Reporters who follow him are unanimous in their opinion that the masses who gather to hear him are at their highest pitch of enthusiasm before he starts to speak—with enthusiasm ebbing steadily to the end. However, the very characteristics which tell against him on the hustings worked to his advantage in his debates with Nixon. His unadorned style of delivery fitted well into the viewer's living room. And although his rapid rate of speech prevented much of his content from being assimilated, what did come through was the picture of a bright, knowledgeable young man of great earnestness, energy and integrity.

In these first four debates, entirely accidental features in the styles of delivery of both men happened to favor Kennedy.

A Landmark?

Kenneth Rexroth

[*The last time* Nation *readers heard from Mr. Rexroth, poet, essayist and critic, he had decided to "sit this one out" (see issue of Sept. 24).*]

San Francisco, Calif.

THE GREAT DEBATE on the Great Debate has proven to be a lot more controversial than the Debate itself. There is a widespread feeling among journalists and other people in "communications" that it marks some sort of landmark. To mark the land in history you've got to have something remarkable. I have failed to notice any such in this instance. I have done a lot of inquiring-reporter scouting, and as far as I can find out, the man on the street feels the same way. The American Presidency does not represent a compact political group of any sort, but a coalition. Even the Roosevelt campaigns were struggles for an "uncommitted center." This quadrennial sales pitch offering the same enticements to the same potential buyers has a habit of overreaching itself. In the Willkie-Roosevelt contest, Wendell Willkie became more Rooseveltian than his opponent, and vice versa. After it was all over, Willkie summed it up: "campaign oratory." Since the Kellogg and Post patents expired, it has become impossible to tell one brand of corn flakes from the other. They are sold by appeals to outside interests which have nothing to do with nutriment — space cadets, rocketry, international adventure, the frontiers of science, romances of the American past, the curious folkways of outlandish peoples, all can be found on the side of the box, in six colors, any morning at breakfast. So with the Great Debate for the American Presidency — these are precisely the things that the boys have been debating.

Since any "firm" (as they say in Mad Alley) commitment to any important issue whatever would alienate some section of the uncommitted center — important, I mean, to their own lives, here and now, before their faces, like the bowl of breakfast food — these things, by mutual agreement of the PR men on both sides, are utterly taboo. A dignified soft sell, "Don't worry, you're safe, whichever of us wins," but with it just the faintest glitter of the three lures which long experience has proven most attractive to children — candy, sex and bloodshed, coupled with a forthright opposition to Sin. Every vote of a member of the Teamsters and the United Auto Workers counts, and every vote of every Northern liberal and Southern Bourbon, every cattle baron, every fly-by-night sawmill operator, every conservationist, every Taos *bohème* with her head full of Theosophical Indianism. About the only people automatically eliminated are the Negro pseudo-Moslems, the Prohibitionists and — guess who — the avowed members of the Communist Party. Both candidates are running full tilt against Fidel Castro and Nikita Khrushchev. Possibly, if these two gentlemen had not made such fools of themselves on television, there wouldn't have been any opponents available at all.

THIS brings up the one small demonstrable merit of the show. As time goes on, television may well purge American politics of gross ill manners. I know a number of MPs socially. In my life, I have met hardly any members of the House of Representatives I would care to invite into my home. Television destroyed Senator Joe McCarthy. It seems to be far crueler than the naked eye. Mr. Khrushchev's effect on Mr. Seke Touré, sitting alone in his hotel room, seems to have been far more shocking than the Soviet Premier's actual presence in the Assembly, and may well have changed history. I don't think there is any question but that it would be impossible today to run, much less elect, a gross buffoon, a ruffian, or even a boozy, good-natured rascal. The days of Warren Gamaliel Harding are gone forever. As Mr. Riesman's revolution seeps down through the base of the social pyramid, only Manhattan and the piney woods will still accept the ill-bred politician. Mr. Nixon and Mr. Kennedy are perfectly Other Directed, and they'd jolly well better be. In fact, their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

advisers have pushed this realization to the point where, in their Great Debate, they have spent most of their time other-directing each other. It has been an exercise in the one-upmanship of high-toned conformity.

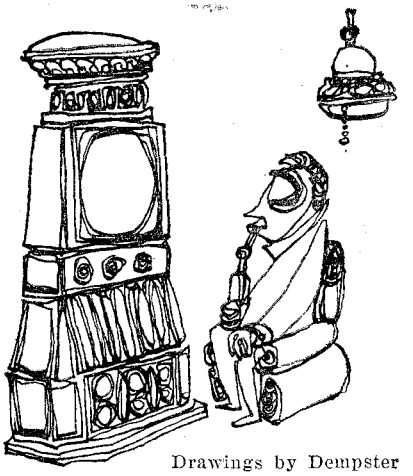
ONCE IN a while the ugly facts of life do leak through the bland skin of Mad Alley — a kind of osmosis of the pressure groups. This usually is due to the fluff of an over-enthusiastic sideman, as they say in jazz. A notable instance is the Negro-in-the-Cabinet boner, a booby trap out of which all concerned backed with embarrassing haste. Another, and a rather startling one, is Matsu and Quemoy. I have never thought that Mr. Nixon stood a real chance, but if he had, this one error in salesmanship would probably have defeated him. James Reston and Drew Pearson may be more articulate than most people, but they are really pretty typical of the well-dressed, decently educated voter, no longer an insignificant minority. This episode has demonstrated pretty conclusively that there are pressures even more powerful than the smothering togetherness of Public Relations.

And, in this particular instance, the nature of those pressures is indisputable — the fortunately small minority of the unreconstructed warhawks in the Pentagon and the very dirty money of the China Lobby. It is interesting to notice the good sense of the common man's response to the raising of this issue. The universal reaction has been that matters of global strategy, let alone what in this case, due to the small area involved, is really specific military tactics, is neither a fit nor a sensible subject for debate before the eyes and ears of the Chinese High Command. It is rather pitiful to watch the two ultra-smooth quiz kids try to bail out — each trying to get into the life boat first.

I think that, as far as public reaction is concerned, Senator Kennedy got over the side and away in the fourth round. It was interesting to watch the invitation to retraction. This may be the only spot in the whole show where simple truth was determinative.

The contrast between the radio broadcast and the visual presence on the TV screen was very sharply pointed up in the Polish question. I, for one, know perfectly well that the whole business had nothing to do with real international policy — it was just a play for the voter in Hamtramck and along Milwaukee Avenue. However, disembodied words roll by so fast that it is easy to misinterpret them in rebuttal — attention is just not so focused in radio. Faceless, the Vice President was able to put a policy of "roll back the Iron Curtain" into his opponent's mouth. I doubt if this was as effective in the sharper image of television. Likewise, and even more so, this was true of the dispute about intervention in Cuba. The Saturday morning papers all carried outraged cries from conservative politicos all over Latin America who presumably had not seen, but only heard, the show. I talked to no "man on the street," however simple, who saw the show and who took away the impression that Senator Kennedy had advocated military intervention.

Finally, although his handlers have certainly turned out a New Nixon, and overcome that fatal resemblance to Rudolf Hess, they have not succeeded in producing an "image," to use current slang, to match the Senator's air of passionate conviction, commitment and sweet ingenuousness. It may all be a show and it may all come out in the wash, but right now it is more convincing than ever was Charley Van Doren. The Vice President operates under one almost insuperable handicap. Did you ever take a baby into a whorehouse? All prostitutes are devoted wives and mothers at heart. As everyone knows, the higher up you go in the glass cheese boxes along Mad Alley, the less belief you find in the job. The brutal fact is, most



Drawings by Dempster

of the Vice President's engineers of opinion are going to vote against him. This certainly blurs the "image."

ONE THING the show has not been able to overcome is the "lesser of two evils" attitude of the man on the street. My grocer is a young Lebanese, married to the daughter of a Near East statesman. He said, "All this foreign policy debate is so much wind. What the United States should do is give aid in kind — food, machinery, technical help — not in money. Nobody ever says that we are creating, all over the East, and probably in Africa, a class of criminals who run these governments and grow rich on American money while the people starve and turn Red. Nobody dares say this. Look at Laos—look at Iran. I think I'll vote for Kennedy; his bull last night was just a little bit closer to the facts."

Across the street lives an entertainer whom I've known since she used to dance for the delectation of Studs Lonigan and his friends in the Golden Lily at Fifty-Fifth and the El. She said: "I never voted in my life. The less our people let them know what we're thinking, the more scared they'll be and the more likely they'll do something. Look at that nonsense about Ralph Bunche in the Cabinet. Lodge no sooner got the words out of his mouth than he had to eat them. I sure am not voting for Johnson. Margaret Truman's husband says he's never voted in his life. He ought to know. What's good enough for him is good enough for me." So it goes.

The only enthusiasm I've met was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at a very rich and chic home in Pacific Heights where the A.D.A. had gathered for reassurance from "Arthur" that it was still really good ole Adlai who was running for President. They were all worried about the labor and Negro vote and advised Arthur to advise his friend to be a little more cautious. There wasn't a single Negro or a single labor leader in the place, although, believe me, there are a number of quite rich and quite chic ones available. Still, there was a quiet, warm glow of tempered enthusiasm. That Man was still running — for his seventh term.

Another 'Gimmick'

W. G. McLoughlin

[*Mr. McLoughlin teaches history at Brown University, and as the author of* Billy Graham: Revivalist in a Secular Age, *knows a good deal about oratory.*]

Providence, R.I.

I AM NOT impressed by the claims that the Great Debate technique has had a "revolutionary" or even a very significent new impact upon American Presidential campaigning. It seems to me that here is simply one more in a long line of technical devices which have modified, but not basically altered, our electioneering practices. Historically, this new use of television belongs in the same category with the changes wrought by the political use of the telegraph, the cheap daily newspaper, the railroad, the radio, the newsreel, the helicopter, the jet airplane and the straight television speech. The mere fact that the two men "confront" each other on the same platform (a confrontation more apparent than real) is by no means so dramatic an innovation as the first nation-wide radio speech or the first televised National Convention. Yet who would call these revolutionary?

As a matter of fact, the confrontations had more of the quality of an advertising gimmick than of a radical political departure. They were little more than a variation on the press conference and the televised interview. As might have been expected, both Nixon and Kennedy are sufficient masters of these question-and-answer games to find little difficulty in mastering this unimaginative combination of them. In fact, once the unrealistic, anticipatory excitement about the earth-shaking importance of the debates wore off, both candidates seemed to relish the chance to display their skill at this new parlor game. The measure of their ability, and of the artificiality of the device, was demonstrated by the repetitious nature of the answers to the questions. Before the debate was half over, I heard people saying in a tone of surprise, "But he said the same thing last time, and he used the very same words." The debates added no new elements to the issues under discussion, and the candidates quickly reworked their campaign speeches into the simple answers required for a ninety-second rebuttal. Even when a *soi-disant* "new issue" like Quemoy and Matsu was raised, it soon became obscured in a mass of qualification, backtracking, contradiction and *ad hominem* quibbling.

IT IS EASY to blame the format or the questions for the disappointing results, but no juggling of either could change the fact that there are only so many debatable issues, there are only two candidates, and by the end of July there were only two sets of stock answers which would be given to any question. In the few cases when a question was put that was too pointed for a stock answer, the candidates could, and did, refuse to answer it (as in the case of their prospective Secretaries of State). Other delicate or difficult questions were fobbed off with statements about a major speech on that subject next week or a white paper to be issued later or a committee to be appointed to study the matter after election. Conversely, it is not surprising that two of the most complicated issues in the campaign, religion and civil rights, were not even mentioned in the four debates, for the obvious reason that panel members knew the candidates would merely bury them under an avalanche of pious platitudes.

If I may have my own fling at the question of format, I would suggest the presence of a moderator of sufficient intellectual stature and prestige — Walter Lippmann, say — who could lead the discussion in such a way as to push aside the platitudes and irrelevancies and lay before the public the complex realities of the issues under debate.

DESPITE their limitations, however, I am not advocating that debates of this kind should be abandoned, even in their present form. At least, many more persons are now acquainted with the issues and the candidates than before, and also with the answers to the issues offered by both candidates. This is a gain, though not a revolutionary one — a gain, that is, provided you have faith in the power of the electorate to judge the candidates and their policies wisely. Many observers insist that "the peepul" are easily fooled by demagogues and pious frauds. They believe that the public votes for a father-image or a handsome face rather than for a Chief Executive of a great republic. I disagree. I have often been impressed by how shrewd the insight of the average American is into the personalities and policies of the respective candidates. I do not believe he is deceived by platitudes, or that he wants only a father-image to lull him into serenity. The intense public interest in the Great Debate is a tribute to the earnest desire of the American people to get as much information as they can in order to make the right choice in what they realize is a very important election. It is a pity that their interest was, on the whole, so poorly rewarded.

I do not share the fear that this kind of debate may bring forth comments on inflammable or internationally delicate issues which, diplomatically speaking, are better left unsaid. The Quemoy and Matsu issue was not new, and its discussion has not changed America's position. To my mind there is more danger that the superficial answers of the debaters will soothe the public (which is better at judging men than ideas) into complacency over important issues than that they will excite the public to hysteria. This is especially true in view of how close the two

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

candidates are in almost all their policies. After all, the Big Debate seems to be not about goals, but means. Indeed, this me-too-ism is its most distressing aspect. But American political parties being what they are, it will probably always be a major part of our campaigns. In any case, whatever new technical devices our engineers and admen dream up will soon be mastered by the political professional and turned to his own uses. And ultimately, unless someone produces an electronic device that will read minds, assess policies and evaluate character, the electorate will still have to make the crucial decision on the basis of its own judgment.

Momentous Event

Don W. Kleine

[*The author, winner of an Avery Hopwood fiction prize last year, teaches English at Cornell University. He has published a study of "personality" politics.*]

Ithaca, N.Y.

IT IS hardly surprising that newsmen, themselves instances of the mass culture they help perpetuate, should have complained almost indignantly of how "dull" this campaign has been — as if a dull campaign were somehow a failure of the democratic process. Up till the first debate, the contest *was* low in entertainment value. Neither man charmed the heart like a Roosevelt, nor elicited anything resembling the tide of smug enthusiasm which swept Ike into office. And, as sheer entertainment, the debates also have proved tame fare. To be sure, the Vice President's solemn arraignment of Truman's profanity provided a moment of sardonic comedy. But otherwise, these historical meetings have been far from the blazing spectacles they might have been (and may some day be) with professional script and actors. Neither candidate unmasked the other as millions gasped and wept; there were no searing retorts, no icy rages; the exchanges did not even bristle much. It is as if the participants had tacitly agreed not to go too far, as if each knew how fearful the consequences of spontaneity might be. The Nixon-Kennedy debates were not, then, just that brisk pick-me-up the doctor ordered for a dull campaign. Theatrically speaking, they were failures. But their failure as theatre is one of the things that, to my view, places them among the truly astonishing and momentous events of our time.

Nixon and Kennedy are two of the most brilliant political personalities to emerge from the war. Within each is an uncannily efficient little engine driving the man forward past all obstacles. For shrewdness and nerve, one could hardly imagine two opponents better matched: each is the apotheosis of the "new" species of leader. And yet, despite their fascination with lighting and studio temperatures, these political geniuses impress upon one, from the first debate to the last, the amateurism of their presences. Especially in the first encounter, but also in subsequent sessions, each man is, within the framework of his abundant courage, scared half to death. Certainly neither is that creature whose emergence an age of mass communications had taught one to expect — the abominable showman, the unprincipled entertainer-politician coolly "projecting" a false "image" into the living-rooms of the naive masses. On television, Nixon's deadpan image projects, if anything, graven; Kennedy, smoother in style, seems only a little more adept.

CONTRASTED with the real professionals of mass media, with suave Walter Cronkite for example, there is something touching about the candidates' stances. An unintentional but (in such a context) unavoidable note of *hectoring* rings throughout the correspondents' poised interrogations. The cameras are harsh toward the distinguished victims. Recurrently, the Vice President is surprised in attitudes of gloomy uncase, as if he had blundered into the studio on the way to the washroom; the Senator is revealed at off-moments to be wincing, as if in pain. In short, the debates indicate that a political leader is not, after all, a professional entertainer, that the two vocations are not quite yet identical.

Nevertheless, the candidates are adventurers. It is appropriate that men not yet old have set the precedent. This willingness to play a game the counters of which are luck, grace and passion, and the stakes of which are nothing short of everything, implies, I think, the kind of intrepidity we associate with the young. For have the risks of any single campaign appearance ever been so high as in these debates?

TELEVISION, a medium for nuance, cruelly magnifies the amateur's smallest untrue gesture. Nixon and Kennedy, both of whom have often appeared singly on this medium, were now addressing not only the mass audience but also that most dangerous audience of all, each other — and without rehearsed speeches. The hazards of presenting an ideological position in this framework are alarming. A false presentation — which is what an amateur's attempt to project *himself* might involve—can discredit not only the candidate, but also (and quite unjustly) his approach to those questions of historical gravity which now face the nation. So the candidates' air of gingerly constraint, and that absence from the debates of verbal fireworks which our television commentators — so eager to be amused — have so reproachfully noted, seem hardly surprising. What does seem remarkable is that the participants should have submitted themselves at all to this harrowing ordeal.

By submitting to the ordeal, however, both candidates have focused the issues of this election with high clarity. They have disclosed that, so long as our leaders *remain* amateurs, television, despite its dangers for the amateur, can render the national dialectic with unprecedented effectiveness. The debates were not entertaining; that is the nation's luck. Yet, since they exacted of the candidates a courage nothing short of Presidential, their dramatic fascinations were immense. One will not soon forget how the fade which closed each session revealed each man at his podium pilloried in loneliness — will any of *us* ever be, in quite that way, quite that lonely?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Football's Phantom Sophomore . . *by Murray Chass*

NEXT TIME you attend a college football game, check off the sophomores on the players' roster. If you submitted your checked list for verification to the university's office of student records, you'd find—especially if the game you are watching is in the South—that a good share of these gridiron sophomores are really juniors.

The discrepancy is due to something which, in the arcane lore of college athletics, is called "red-shirting," an institution designed to get four years of college football out of a player even where the varsity eligibility rules call for a maximum of three.

This is how it works. A youngster comes out of high school with a long and distinguished record as a flying half-back or flashy lineman. He plays a year of freshman football for his Alma Mater (which doesn't count against his three-year eligibility as a varsity player). Now the coach has a problem. The youngster is good, but needs seasoning; and his varsity needs tackling fodder for its practice sessions. So the coach puts him into a red shirt, uses him to sharpen the tackling, passing and ball-carrying of the varsity in practice, but carefully refrains from using him in a regular game. Thus no eligibility time is used up.

That's the way the youngster spends his sophomore year. But he is not expected to take his lumps for nothing; along with his red shirt, he continues to get his regular "salary"—i.e., the scholarship which brought him to the campus in the first place, and which generally includes room, board and other perquisites of the favored athlete.

Seen in this light, it is an expensive red shirt the young man is wearing; but, in the end, the university and its generous alumni are well repaid. For, by the time the student is in his senior year (by scholastic reckoning, that is), he is only a "junior" on the football field, and thus still eligible for another year of varsity play. So he stays on (with continued benefit of scholarship, of course); and the coach, in exchange for the uncertain talents of a sophomore, gets those of a more mature, brawnier, more experienced fifth-year college man.

Red-shirting, in other words, is a kind of five-year plan for athletes.

BIGGEST booster of the red-shirt practice is probably the Southeastern Conference (where, not necessarily by coincidence, the best brand of college football frequently turns up). "Red-shirting is a necessity for survival in the type of football that is demanded today," a Louisiana State University official said. "To be truthful, our red-shirt program has not yet gained the stature that it has reached elsewhere, but we're doing pretty good." It turns out that, in this official's opinion, red-shirting provides "an incubation period wherein the progress of the player is watched to determine if he has the potential to become a college winner."

Not all red-shirting is premeditated, so to speak. A coach with a big squad may find that he has never used Benny Behemoth right through the first nine games of the season. There's a spot in the tenth game where he could use the youngster. But a minute's play could use up an entire year's eligibility for Benny. In most instances, the coach is likely to forego Benny's services for the moment. At Duke University (in the Atlantic Coast Conference), a player who "appears not to be ready to play more than a few minutes during the year in a substitute role" may make the choice himself.

At Texas Christian University, red-shirting is carried on in a "quiet way," according to a campus official. "We never premeditatedly 'hold' a player when we sign him to an athletic agreement after his high school play is completed," he explained. "Nor do we promise him a five-year scholarship, which is what the practice of red-shirting amounts to. Still, each year several of our youngsters never see varsity competition down through the end of their sophomore year."

Outside of the South, red-shirting is not too frequent a phenomenon, and where found is usually carried out on an individual basis rather than as a consistent, over-all program. At least two college conferences have deliberately outlawed the practice: the Big Ten did so by adopting, in March, 1958, a rule which stipulates that a boy is eligible for athletic competition only during a period of four calendar years following his enrollment; and, in the Ivy League, a student is ineligible for intercollegiate competition the moment his class graduates. The Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference may follow suit; its council has recommended that the period of eligibility for athletes be reduced from the present five years to four. In all likelihood, the recommendation will be followed.

Still, the five-year plan for athletes probably won't be wiped out entirely until and unless the National Collegiate Athletic Association, governing body of the major colleges competing in intercollegiate athletics, takes matters into its own hands instead of giving discretion to its regional groups. The organization's Committee on Recruiting and Financial Aids has recommended that some type of legislation be adopted to reduce the practice of red-shirting. The matter will be taken under advisement at the NCAA's annual convention in Pittsburgh in January. But the delegates will be up against some formidable opposition to reform. Commissioner Lloyd Jordan of the Southern Conference states: "All our schools are in favor of red-shirting, and it hasn't created any problems. About half our schools are red-shirting, and the rest probably have done so at one time or another."

One alumnus of a Southern school to whom I repeated Commissioner Jordan's words nodded a vigorous assent. "Don't know what these do-gooders are talking about," he rumbled. "If they say four years of college is good for a young feller, why ain't five years better?"

MURRAY CHASS, a recent graduate of the University of Pittsburgh, is with the Associated Press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Affluent Underdog

LABOUR IN THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY. By Richard Crossman. Fabian Society. 24 pp. 2/.
CAN LABOUR WIN? By Anthony Crosland. Fabian Society. 24 pp. 2/.
BEYOND THE WELFARE STATE. By Gunnar Myrdal. Yale University Press. 287 pp. $4.50.

Arnold S. Kaufman

IN MANY Western democracies parties of the Left are in crisis. Involved are fundamental disputes both about policies and organization.

The idealogues of yesterday's German socialism have become today's "realists." Drastic revision of both program and organization has transformed the Social Democrats beyond recognition.

Kennedy's disastrous effort to woo the South has borne bitter political fruit in the United States. The Johnson session of Congress has displayed the adulterous marriage between conservative Southerners and the bulk of Republican legislators with such crystal clarity that even those nice Northern Democrats who are forever apologizing for the North's having won the Civil War are beginning to get fed up. And it is doubtful that the party "realists" will ever forgive the Southerners for having committed the ultimate political sin — jeopardizing electoral success.

But the troubles in America and Germany are like quarrelsome tea parties compared to the tempest now raging on the British Left. It is one of the ironies of political history that the traditionally level-headed empiricists of British socialism should be locked in what looks increasingly like mortal ideological combat. One expected such things of the party of Lenin and Stalin, but not of the party of Hardie and Webb. As in Germany and America, the conflict is a product, not of failure, but of the very success of Welfare State politics.

Of course there are also failures in the background. The Labour Party suffered three successive defeats, each time by an increased margin of loss. This unprecedented series of misfortunes is the immediate cause of a hot conflict between factions for whom Anthony Crosland and Richard Crossman, both MPs, have emerged as main spokesmen.

But reading their brief, clear Fabian pamphlets it becomes clear that the root of the matter lies far deeper than reaction to defeat. At bottom the problem is that of adjusting practice to theory—current political action to ultimate political commitments in light of the welfare achievements of the last half century.

CROSLAND is convinced that unless the Labour Party transforms itself it must die. A fast diminishing proletariat, combined with a gradual smudging of class lines, is the result of growing British affluence. Electorally these developments are disastrous; a conclusion which all careful, empirical study bears out. If the process is permitted to continue much longer, the Labour Party's political effectiveness will be destroyed.

The blight can be halted in one of two ways. Either some external catastrophe, economic or military, can destroy confidence in the Conservatives, or the Labour Party can refashion itself in such a way as to transform its public image. As the first alternative is hopefully unlikely, the second is necessary. So Crosland argues that those aspects of program and organization which create the bad image must be changed. This means, in particular, repudiating general and indiscriminate commitment to nationalization, and counteracting the identification of Labour as the party of austerity. It also means loosening, but not severing, ties with the trade unions.

Crosland emphatically denies that he places political success above moral position. He insists, on the contrary, that it is irresponsibly self-indulgent to sacrifice the chance of political victory for the sake of pseudo-integrity rooted in a traditionalist attachment to outmoded program and organization. People have problems here and now. It is irresponsible to sacrifice the chance of coping with their present ills to millennial aspiration.

Crossman rejects this analysis completely. He believes it is neither desirable nor necessary to reconstruct the Labour Party — and certainly not along Crosland's lines. Thrusting shrewdly, he asserts that if he did agree with Crosland he would find it logically necessary to quit the Labour Party, then help the Liberal Party to become Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition. In particular he contends that extensive nationalization of production, distibution and exchange is as vital to the achievement of essential aims as Socialists have ever believed.

His argument is ingenious. Developing a theme which is all too familiar to Americans, he stresses the importance of the cold war. Converting Galbraith's thesis to suit his own purposes, he argues that, because the affluent democracies are unable to channel an adequate portion of their resources into social expenditure, the West in general, and Great Britain in particular, is bound to fall behind the Soviet bloc in any peaceful competition. Private oligarchies will block necessary projects at every turn. Eventually the electorate will get fed up. They will then turn to the Labour Party, giving it a mandate to implement its program even if the program is one which has remained virtually intact during the years spent in the political wilderness.

It is essential that the Labour Party remain substantially unchanged because what it is and what it stands for are good. In particular, the basic ill of the modern Welfare State, misuse of the community's resources, can be remedied only through nationalization.

According to Crossman, Crosland's program is theoretically wrong and, in the long run, politically disastrous. So the Labour Party should combine ideological fervor with tactical patience — and when the moment comes, strike — electorally speaking, of course.

ON THE WHOLE, Crosland gets the better of the debate. He is right in insisting that it is deeply irresponsible to forego the possibility of remedying short-term ills. In an imperfect but tolerable and fairly progressive society it is wrong to ignore present hurts for the sake of alleged integrity.

Crosland is right in attacking the shibboleth of nationalization. It is not clear that public ownership is the indispensable condition of a proper channeling of social expenditure (certainly Galbraith does not believe this), or that it is even a particularly good way of achieving economic *control.* The distinction between *ownership* and *control* can never be sufficiently stressed. Like those who advocate the "property-owning democracy," Crossman neglects it. It does not follow, of course, that public

ARNOLD S. KAUFMAN, who teaches philosophy at the University of Michigan, is now completing a book on the problems of responsibility.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ownership is necessarily useless or bad. Indeed, there is less justification for being dogmatically *against* it than there is for being dogmatically *for* it.

On the other hand Crosland fails to answer Crossman's shrewd thrust. This is partly because he is unwilling even to contemplate a really radical reorganization of the Labour Party's traditional relationship to the trade union movement. It becomes increasingly clear that the trade union's preponderant power within the party's highest councils is more responsible for perpetuating the "bad image" than any other single factor. That this is so was long concealed from the party leadership because fairly right-wing elements dictated trade union support of that leadership. But the ascendancy of such men as Frank Cousins, chief of the left-wing Transport Workers Union, has made the real instability of present arrangements only too clear to Gaitskell and his followers. The Liberals have emphatically stated that the essential condition of any genuine *rapprochement* is precisely the dismantling of those traditional ties. Of course, Crosland's unwillingness to contemplate this reorganization does differentiate his position from that of the Liberals. However, his key arguments tend on the whole to justify the Liberal demand, and he offers no reasons for rejecting it.

BUT the fundamental inadequacy of both pamphlets is excessive preoccupation with practice to the neglect of theory. Paradoxically, Crossman's belligerant socialism is inspired by a deep conservatism — a desire to retain intact the convictions of the party's founding fathers. On the other hand, though Crosland's moral seriousness is evident in everything he writes, it tends to be overwhelmed by tactical preoccupations. Crossman fights vigorously to renew an old dream; Crosland to extend old achievements. Neither inspires his conception of political action with a new vision appropriate to the changing conditions of the modern Welfare State.

Gunnar Myrdal has, however, written a wise and lucid book which both authors would do well to take to heart. In *Beyond the Welfare State*, the Swedish economist sketches a program designed to cope with the Left's crisis of achievement. With calm which only rarely betrays the deep passion that motivates him, Myrdal argues that the Left should develop a program which aims, first, to enrich the Welfare State by increasing the element of participatory democracy within it, and, second, to build what he calls "the Welfare World." All other questions of policy should be treated as subordinate to these overriding aims once basic welfare achievements have been consolidated and extended.

What is so impressive about Myrdal's book is its perspective. Briefly tracing the development of the Welfare State through two stages, he describes the first as having involved piecemeal intervention by the state, the second as the emergence of more coherent forms of planning. Like Crosland, he denies that public ownership is the key to the full development of this second stage. In it a harmony is created through cooperative effort and through collective bargaining in its widest sense. That kind of planning has not yet been fully achieved anywhere, but already the problems that lie beyond this second stage are becoming apparent. The Welfare State may be satisfactory, but it is not richly satisfying; a third stage is required. To transform the shallow Welfare State into a truly good society the creation of a genuine democracy of participation is necessary. Like John Dewey, Myrdal believes that it is necessary to reconstruct the social order so that individual human beings come to play an effective role in the creation of policies, institutions, of the very values that shape their lives. This devolution of power must be achieved without dismantling that structure of laws and institutions which enables coherent planning. Myrdal does not minimize the difficulties. He does stress the necessity.

The other great requirement of the third stage is the effort to create the Welfare World. Achievement of this goal is even more difficult than creation of genuine participatory democracy. This is so, first, because industrial growth in the underdeveloped nations must be pursued along a fundamentally different path from that taken by the developed nations of the West; but, second, "the democratic Welfare State in the rich countries of the Western world is protectionist and nationalistic." The very achievements of the Welfare State frustrate efforts to create the Welfare World. National integration promotes international disintegration.

THOUGH frankly Utopian, Myrdal's vision of what lies beyond the Welfare State is deeply realistic. He never permits himself to forget that politics is ultimately about the effort to build a social system in which individuals can lead full, meaningful lives. When minds are full of ingenious political arguments, full of large abstractions like "public ownership," "electoral image," "social expenditure," "affluent society," and so on, it is easy to forget this, easy never to see it, but, above all, easy to say it without taking it to heart — without permitting it to transform one's estimate of the present and vision of the future in a genuinely radical way. The fundamental things in political life are always simple — and hard to grasp. It is in regard to these simple matters that both Crosland and Crossman tend to fail, especially the latter. And it is in this respect that the strength of Myrdal's analysis principally lies.

Even so, a nagging note of skepticism persists. Creative, responsible participation can help make men *truly human*— to use Marx's neglected phrase. But what are the limits of social action? Myrdal is implicitly optimistic about finding political remedies for all pervasive human ills. C. Wright Mills has explicitly claimed that underlying all widespread personal discontents are structural defects and that these can be remedied through social action. Is such optimism —which is, after all, the optimism of the Western radical ever since the Enlightenment — too rosy? Do widespread discontents exist for which no political remedies are possible — which can be dealt with only through moral effort combined with clinical therapy? But perhaps we should postpone these irritating speculations until we are well beyond the Welfare State. For surely to get beyond is our immediate task.

Youth

(From the Spanish of Pablo Neruda)

Acid and swordblade: the fragrance
of plum in the pathways:
tooth's sweetmeat of kisses,
power and spilth on the fingers,
the yielding erotic of pulps,
hayricks and threshing-floors, clandestine
recesses that tempt through the vastness of houses;
bolsters asleep in the past, the bitter green valley,
seen from above, from the glasses' concealment;
and drenching and flaring by turns, adolescence
like a lamp overturned in the rain.

BEN BELITT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among the Rats

LA GUERRE D'ALGERIE. By Jules Roy. Julliard (Paris). 9 nouveaux francs.

W. S. Merwin

My tears ran through your laughter.
My wound bled in me alone.
My house, to me, is a fierce beast.
I wander on the roads without rest.
If you have eyes
I hope your eyes fill with tears . . .

—From an Arab song quoted in *La Guerre d'Algérie.*

THIS IS a painful book and it is partly for that reason that I feel I must write about it at once, though it may not be readily available yet outside France and certainly cannot have been translated into English, since the French edition is just out.

Jules Roy was born in Algeria in 1907, of a family of French *colons.* He spent twenty-five years in the French army, rose to the rank of colonel and was decorated six times. He left the army several years ago in order to be able to write freely. But when he went to Algeria last April in order to see for himself, insofar as he could, where the truth lay, he did not take with him an essential scorn of the military. On the contrary, he went feeling a certain nostalgia for the army itself—a sentiment composed of old habits and of memories of the last war—and a sympathy for the difficulties of the individual officers in Algeria. Nor did he go with his mind closed to the *colons.* He had his own childhood to remember. And he has (or had) many friends among the Algerians of European descent. His own brother and sister-in-law still live in the country to the south of Algiers. And M. Roy himself has neither the background nor the character that would have permitted him to ignore the legitimate case of the small farmers of French ancestry who were born in Algeria and have no place else to go.

Neither did he go to Algeria with the intention of gathering anti-government propaganda. Feeling that what information he might glean might conceivably be of use to de Gaulle (it seems more than likely that the French government itself must depend almost entirely on military sources for its knowledge of what is going on in Algeria), he requested, and received, a letter of recommendation from the *cabinet de l'Elysée.* Apart from that, his idea was not met with encouragement on all sides. "You're going to Algeria, just like that? What a weird idea. . . ." His son was moved to ask him, "Where's that going to get you?" On the other hand there was a sense of indebtedness to his friend Camus; he could not forget that before his death Camus had declared his intention of going back to Algeria. And there was Roy's own inconvenient, uneconomical, and even perhaps hazardous distaste for feeling ashamed.

THE *cabinet de l'Elysée* must have realized fairly early that they were in for a disappointment in M. Roy's account. If his articles on the Algerian war in *Le Monde* this last summer had not tipped them off, the tenor of his testimony would have leaked out in other ways. He finished *La Guerre d'Algérie* in August, and it was then turned down by several publishers before Julliard accepted it. When the printers began to set it up, the police arrived on the scene and they stayed for two weeks. However, they have not seized the book yet, nor the issues of *L'Express* in which a digest of it is being serialized as I write this report.

But by their lights they have good reason to feel qualms about it. Not that the author deliberately concentrates on torture or on any of the atrocities which were brought to light by H. Alleg and others in the *Gangrène* affair, and which obviously are still going on. M. Roy's treatment of such acts is, if anything, more damning than further detailed descriptions would have been. He assumes that the reader already knows about these horrors and about the special activities of the D.O.P., and he simply refers to them in passing and remarks that thousands of witnesses could testify to them if it were ever necessary. Apart from the chilling effectiveness of this sort of minimal reference, the author was prompted, no doubt, to adopt it for at least two reasons. In the first place he wanted to see the general situation rather than the extreme instance, however compelling. "I was afraid of owing my ideas about Algeria to particular cases. Therefore I asked to see the norm, the average. In some sense, the usual." And then, if he devoted a great deal of detailed description to tortures and atrocities, there was always the possibility that his book might be seized, and everything else that he had to say about

W. S. MERWIN is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in these pages. His latest book is The Drunk in the Furnace, *just published by Macmillan.*

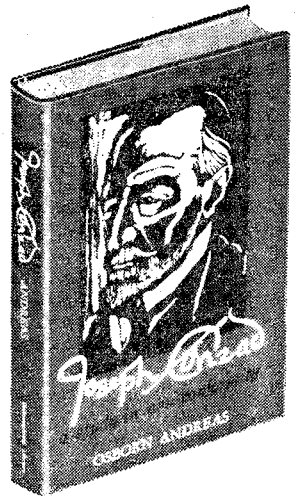
— the man
— his work
— and its meaning . . .

JOSEPH CONRAD

a study in non-conformity

by Osborn Andreas

A provocative new approach to the complete fiction of Joseph Conrad. Probing into the deepest meaning of the forty-two novels and short stories, the author points out the energizing principle that underlies all of Conrad's work — the conflict between the individual and the social group. This absorbing study offers fresh insights into a crisis still unresolved in our time — and is an important contribution to our understanding of one of the greatest writers of English prose fiction. $3.75



You can expedite shipment by enclosing remittance.

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY
15 East 40th Street
New York 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Algeria suppressed along with the particular horrors.

And in fact M. Roy's over-all picture of the Algerian war is more valuable than any single detail, and that is saying a great deal when the details are reviewed. I think, for example, of this one:

> Just then I noticed, beside a nearby hovel, a twelve year old girl, naked under a coarse shirt which hung in rags. She was standing upright with one ankle tethered to a stake, like a donkey. She moaned, lifted up her arms to implore heaven, gave vent to long sobs which she would suddenly break off to burst out laughing and hitting her belly. Then she would start up the merry-go-round all over again. . . .
>
> "What's that?" I asked.
>
> The old man touched his forehead several times.
>
> "There are more like that down there," he said. . . . "The airplane bombardments, near Souk-Ahras. Two years ago."

So much for the war *à la* Goya. There are the other kinds of details, the descriptions of the frontier, the faces of the young Arab men in the displaced-persons camps, the camps themselves, the attitudes of the officers and others, the thickness of skins, and here and there the glimpses of hope.

And the author who recounts them and who through them presents a picture in depth of one man's experience of this war and its implications, does so, in the end, in naked anger. Not, I must say at once, in the sort of dazzled passion which delights in over-simplification. Never, for instance, does he minimize or excuse the brutalities of the F.L.N. It is the whole view of this civil war that has touched off the indignation of this obviously honest, equable and civilized man. His very reluctance to take the part for the whole, and the never-evaded conflict of his own loyalties, render his account moving and credible. They do more than that. They give his eventual indictment of French policy in Algeria unquestionable authority. It is scarcely surprising that, having come to condemn the war unreservedly, M. Roy's ire should be most fiercely provoked by the justifications which are presented for its continuation, and in particular by the argument that the French army is defending the West.

> "This West which you talk of," I said, "why do you want to be the only one to defend it?"
>
> "The whole army thinks as I do."
>
> "Then why doesn't the West defend this army at the U.N. . . .?"

A great part of the second half of the book is a free-ranging imaginary reply to these justifications, addressed to the captains in Algeria who at one time were M. Roy's own comrades-in-arms. They haunt him. When he is not addressing them, a great part of the time he is talking about them. Not only the worst of them, but also the ordinary career officers who have been distorted by the necessity of justifying the situation in which they have found themselves:

> It would be a beautiful sight, the Algeria of these gentlemen, the French Algeria of the D.O.P., with permanent regroupment cities, refugee camps in perpetuity, and suburban villas complete with bathtubs, electrodes, and dictaphones for spontaneous confessions. And why not all of France, if this organization is bidding fair to be the educator of the West. . .? What is the West, captain? How do you propose to defend the values which it represents to you with the arms which are distributed to certain of your comrades? How do you propose to defend moderation with massacre, justice with injustice, liberty of thought with indoctrination. . . . You wish the Arabs would love you and you wonder why they seem reserved. It's because they recall the captains who have gone through their villages ahead of you and who defended the West with pure hearts and their boots full of blood.

The passion, in case I have not yet accurately represented it, is that of a man who has had the courage to acknowledge his own shame and to act on it and speak his mind, who wants peace and wants it now, and believes not only that it is possible, but that any other course is degrading, criminal and eventually suicidal. It is this conviction which has driven a son of *colons*, after twenty-five years in the French regular army, to his uncomfortable decision:

> Between those who were hungry and those who could not eat all that was set in front of them, between those who bombed and those who lost their minds under the bombings, my choice was made. . . .
>
> Captain . . . at the moment when that caricature of negotiations which we witnessed this summer was just getting under way, I received a letter which spoke of you and your comrades, saying, "They're desperate." . . . As desperate as these men whom I've seen? You make me laugh, captain! . . . There is no longer anything in common between you and me . . . and if one day, in the sights of your tanks and planes you make out, among the rats* in rags a big bastard of your own race, with white hair, it will be me. Don't hesitate. Push the firing-buttons on your machine guns. You'll have accomplished a great deal, that day, for the cause of the West.

It's anybody's guess what will happen to men with M. Roy's sort of courage if the storm that now appears to be hanging over France ever really breaks. But at this moment particularly, and for reasons many of which are much nearer to home, it is heartening when somebody, anywhere, feels that way about injustice and is prepared to say so, giving chapter and verse.

*Colon and French army slang for Algerians.

Nothing Is Static

NEW POEMS 1960. By Witter Bynner. Alfred A. Knopf. 134 pp. $3.75.

Winfield Townley Scott

WITTER BYNNER'S name has been known to a considerable public longer than that of any American poet now alive. Sandburg is a couple of years older than Bynner, and Frost seven years older, but neither of these now gray eminences in our literature was published in 1907, when Bynner's first book appeared and his reputation rapidly spread. But what is of real importance — what is as exciting as it is astonishing — is that *New Poems 1960* seems the finest of all his books. This at the age of seventy-nine.

I wish most of all that young readers, to whom Bynner may be scarcely more than a name from the remote past, will examine this book. They will find that their assumed corner on all that is experimental and new in poetry is not perfect. For here, from an old poet, are strange, difficult, illogical, surrealist poems — more "away out" in their authoritative integrity than many a hard-pressed *avant-gardist* could ever determinedly manage.

Yet these brief, free-verse poems are explainable from traditions that date back more than forty years in Bynner's work. His poetry, to be sure, has been influenced at various times by many traditions — seventeenth-century lyrics, Housman and the somewhat odd admixture of Whitman, among others —

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT is a poet whose latest collection, Scrimshaw, *was published last year by Macmillan.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and this no doubt is why Bynner has not yet been defined or placed: he has been, as it were, too various. But other strands, analogous amongst themselves, have woven a particular cord — the strongest and most beautiful — through his poetry, and they culminate in these new poems. These poems, it is true, came compulsively from nowhere, scribbled hurriedly between sleeping and waking, over a period of months; semi-dream poems, impervious to the revisions of fully conscious day. None the less it is evident that the subconscious shaped them out of a long-pursued craft.

The strands I speak of are easily isolated. They start in the imagistic era which Bynner joined when, with Arthur Davison Ficke, he perpetrated a hoax upon it: the extraordinarily successful "Spectrist" school of free verse. Everybody was fooled by it and he himself was captured by it, for he extended the style in his serious — and hitherto best — book, *The Beloved Stranger* (1919). By then, however, the method had been deeply enriched by his collaborative translations of Chinese poems, collected (1929) as *The Jade Mountain* — translations which, as Kenneth Rexroth remarked in *The Nation* recently, are fully as lovely as Pound's; and, one may add, as Waley's.

This, then, is the poetic background of *New Poems 1960*: of their brush-stroke brevity and their condensed imagery. Yet nothing is static. Staircases form and dissolve, beds glide out of windows, water and animals intermingle, up and down or absence and presence intermingle and reverse. It is really difficult, though, to explain how these surrealisms achieve their tone of poignant age and loneliness. The suggestiveness is infinitely subtle, indefinable and haunting.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IT IS always a pleasure to listen to Sean O'Casey's prose. Another opportunity to do so is provided by *Drums Under the Window* (Cherry Lane) which Paul Shyre has arranged from the third volume of the collected autobiographies, "Mirror in My House." It is a fully orchestrated prose composed of elements from the St. James Bible, the Elizabethan dramatists, James Joyce and the long tradition of Irish blarney. What a feast for the ear.

The events from this particular section of the O'Casey books are not as dramatic or as touching as they are in certain of the other parts. Still, the meeting of an Irish club which comes to debate the outrage on national pride committed by Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World* — the indecent word "shift" was held to be particularly heinous — is a first-class bit of burlesque. There are other good moments of broad comedy and mild pathos.

What is disappointing in this most recent and honorable attempt to spread the O'Casey gospel is the technique of putting the readers on their feet, as if what they were doing was acting, when as a matter of fact they are merely illustrating the text rather skimpily.

FIORELLO is an enjoyable musical, put together by George Abbott, Jerome Weidman, Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick. They have now made another musical, *Tenderloin*, (46th Street Theatre) which I found wholly uninspired. An opportunity seems to have been missed, in this transcription of a novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams, because New York from Boss Tweed's time through to Mayor Gaynor's administration (1910-1913) must have been a picturesque place in its mixture of mud and opulence, crudity, depression, depravity and high-toned sanctimoniousness.

I myself remember the last flashes of Dr. Parkhurst's fulminations against vice in the New York *Journal*. I was a little boy then and in my mind the era is identified with my home on the lower East Side where my father, a Russian-born doctor, presided over what seemed to me a citadel of culture amid the knifings and shootings of neighborhood thugs. There he explained socialism, the demagoguery of William Randolph Hearst and the fine points in the writings of Tolstoy, Turgenev, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells. No doubt about it: there were classes in those days and a class struggle (the struggle of one class to acquire the status of the other), and societies in which the classes are sharply differentiated are always colorful and pulsating with drama.

But, alas, our theatre has hardly ever reflected that period adequately. (There is a touch of it in *The Iceman Cometh* and obliquely in Mae West's pieces, as in the trashy plays of Owen Davis: *Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl* or *Fanny the Pretty Typewriter*.) I came to *Tenderloin* with expectations of some gamy high jinks, only to find Maurice Evans (as a sort of Reverend Parkhurst) struggling with dull songs and flat lines. The reader will pardon me for taking a moment to indulge in personal reminiscence: they have a better flavor than *Tenderloin*.

AN EVENING WITH MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY (Golden) is the work of intelligent and proficient entertainers. Elaine May, who really knows how to characterize through voice, speech and a scrap of costume, is something of an artist. It is she, I believe, who writes

A revealing, first-hand account of the birth of Israel,

and of the three men who shaped its destiny . . . Bevin, Ben-Gurion, and Chaim Weizmann. "The clearest and most succinct exposition available in English today."
—THE NEW YORKER

A NATION REBORN

By RICHARD H. S. CROSSMAN

$3.50, now at your bookstore

Atheneum Publishers

Looking for a PUBLISHER?

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company noted for prompt service. All subjects. Free Editorial Report. Inquiries also invited from businesses, churches, etc. Send for Free Booklet. Vantage Press, Dept. 103, 120 W. 31 St., New York 1

'GAMBLING, INC.'

available at low bulk rates

Fill Out Coupon Below:

The Nation, 333 6th Ave., N.Y. 14

Please send me copies of "Gambling, Inc." as indicated below. I enclose payment in the sum of .....

☐ 1 for 50c ☐ 100 for $30
☐ 10 for $4 ☐ 500 for $125
☐ 50 for $17.50 ☐ 1,000 for $200

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone... State....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those portions of the material not mutually improvised. The jokes are easy and good: I liked her as the movie star who was soon to appear in a new MGM spectacular *The Big Sky*, the life story of God. I liked Mike Nichols when, as a Southern playwright named Alabama Glass, he described his forthcoming play as being about a man unjustly accused of not being a homosexual. The heroine of this significant document is devoted to alcoholism, prostitution and giving herself airs. I liked both Nichols and May in the teen-ager sketch wherein the discussion of the young folks' educational futures interrupts epic bouts of sexual preparation.

It is usually as difficult to endure a whole evening of jokes — even when they include ten-second parodies of Sagan, Dostoevsky, Erskine Caldwell — as it is burdensome to sit on at a party where each of the guests feels constrained to tell funny stories, but Nichols and May know when enough is enough.

THE SEASON is still young and I look forward to good things, but I cannot help musing over the fact that a few years ago some of our hopeful thinkers spoke of the American theatre as "the best in the world," and now in the fall of 1960 the most favored productions thus far have been *The Hostage* and *A Taste of Honey* (from London), *Irma la Douce* (from Paris and London) and *Becket* (from Paris, directed by an Englishman, with an English star).

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

AT CARNEGIE HALL, the New York Philharmonic gave the world première of a work by Lukas Foss which surely belongs in the company of the most important compositions by contemporary Americans. Entitled *Time Cycle*, it is a large, grandiloquent, colorful piece based on texts by Auden, Housman, Kafka and Nietzsche. In this performance, it employed the full orchestra, a soprano soloist and a four-piece improvising ensemble, which played interludes between the orchestra-vocal sections according to a ground plan prescribed by the composer. Despite the complexity of Foss's over-all conception, every note and measure of the piece sounded as if it were carefully integrated with the whole. Indeed, *Time Cycle* struck me as being one of the most completely "achieved" compositions I have heard in a long time.

Lukas Foss was born in 1922. Although he has not heretofore been known as a serial composer, this work was organized according to serial techniques, the least frequently used (according to Foss) being the 12-tone row. Since I have not read the score, I shall let technical discussion rest at this point. But the *sound* of *Time Cycle* is "serial," incorporating the characteristics of an extremely angular vocal line (especially in the opening song), a pointillist method of using thematic material and color, and a general atmosphere that relates to the works of Berg and Webern. Along with these elements from the serial school, however, Foss uses swatches of frank harmony, bits of motoric writing and transition techniques which have been available to composers at least since the eighteenth century.

The miracle (and an inspired composition always seems a miracle) is that all these elements fit together, that they fuse into a style possessing variety as well as unity. Even the improvised episodes relate with perfect smoothness to the total picture, so carefully are they styled and seamed. According to the composer, these episodes are not essential parts of the composition. They are merely an "added attraction," "spontaneous commentary on the songs, which will normally be performed without them." That is a pity. In the performance I heard, they were just as beautiful and sensible as the rest of the music, and provided delicious areas of a delicately different mood. Without them, *Time Cycle* would have seemed a smaller, perhaps a slightly less amazing piece.

Time Cycle is an *espressivo* work, designed to communicate and evoke emotion. That is a fact immediately in its favor. Too often, serial writing sounds self-consciously preoccupied with the techniques of composition. The opening song, set to W. H. Auden's *We're Late*, suffers a bit from this trouble, and is the least convincing of the four. Any number of people could have written it, and the rigidity of the vocal line is just as unappealing as is the rigidity in all such pieces. After that point, however, *Time Cycle* takes an entirely different aesthetic path, moving through handsome, contrasted and powerful moods. Once past the first song, *Time Cycle* becomes an emotional entity, and a compelling one.

This work is the first product of the Ford Foundation's performer-composer commissioning project to be heard in New York. The young American soprano, Adele Addison, was asked to select a composer who would write a piece for her. She picked Lukas Foss and the choice was inspired. It was no more inspired, however, than her performance. She has one of the most beautiful voices in America, and the refinement of mind and musicianship that she brought to this performance was sensational. Every note was velvet. No matter what the technical difficulties, every note was absolutely on pitch.

Leonard Bernstein and the orchestra dealt with their part of the proceedings with similar certainty and elegance. I have never heard the Philharmonic play with more delicacy, nor give a performance more charged with authentic feeling. The Lukas Foss Improvisation Chamber Ensemble (Richard Dufallo, clarinet; Charles Delancey, percussion; Howard Colf, cello; Lucas Foss, piano) responded in the improvised episodes with exactly the same qualities of emotionally charged technical perfection. Their playing confirmed my feeling that there is no real spiritual disunity between some forms of modern jazz and contemporary serious music.

WERNER EGK'S *The Inspector General* has received a lambasting since its American première by the New York City Opera. I offer a dissenting opinion: *The Inspector General* is one of the most solidly amusing comedies I have seen. It has good melodies, good ensemble numbers, a sophisticated and handsome orchestral accompaniment, and a sense of musical-theatrical parody of the highest order. From time to time, the music is more Stravinskian than the work of a mature, contemporary German ought to be. There is an unattractive *a capella* section in the second act. But aside from these two minor reservations, I find *The Inspector General* a parodistic comedy that is, musically, far more interesting and sophisticated than Gilbert and Sullivan (whose specialty was not far afield) or Johann Strauss, who begged the point by writing operettas.

The Inspector General should not be judged in terms of *Aïda*. It is based on a Russian-soil comedy, and this production, designed by William Ball, gives it an appropriate Maggie-and-Jiggs twist. It is hilarious as a stage piece, and the music is cultivated. What more is wanted from a simple comedy?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE GREAT fun of *The Entertainer* is to watch Laurence Olivier being so shockingly unlike himself. It is almost impossible to recognize that most recognizable of faces behind the mask of vulgarity; the voice is a brilliant solo of strangulated fraud; every gesture is an affront to the traditions of serious romance that won Sir Laurence his knighthood. It is virtuoso miscasting.

Nevertheless, it is miscasting. An actor should work in a wide spectrum, but he should not push beyond his natural bent to the point where a performance becomes a triumph over incongruity and characterization is abandoned for sleight of hand. I came from *The Entertainer* perspiring, not from the stress intrinsic to John Osborne's exercise in sentimentality, but from sympathetic participation in Olivier's struggle to forswear himself.

I do not suggest, however, that the picture be remade with a more suitable actor in the title role. I doubt that it was worth making in the first place. Mr. Osborne's reputation as the scourge of the British Establishment will not survive many such exercises in treacle. *The Entertainer* suffers from Osborne's customary weakness—what you learn of his characters in the first five minutes is all there is to know. Sympathy is solicited, not on the ground of deepening insight, but merely from proximity. No one, the feeling seems to be, can hang around Archie Rice very long without feeling sorry for him. I felt sorry for myself. And the sociological implications, the suggestion that Welfare State permissiveness is responsible for moral defectives like Archie, come to nothing because Archie is not a substantial being. He is a personification of Osborne's well-known anger.

JULES DASSIN, the director from Middletown, Conn., who quit Hollywood after several successful pictures to make *Rififi* in Paris and *He Who Must Die* in Crete, has now sent us from Piraeus a comic morality, *Never on Sunday*. Homer Troy, an "amateur philosopher" from Connecticut, has come to Greece to see if he can discover the point at which the genius of the Golden Age, and thus of all the West, took the wrong turn. Almost immediately he finds himself under the spell of Ilya, a girl of the town whose two tenets of business are that she never sets a price and never entertains a man who does not attract her. She is the adored playmate of the entire shipbuilding proletariat of the port of Athens. Homer sees in Ilya the pure spirit of Greece turned corrupt. Against all the evidence, he is convinced that she is miserable, and he undertakes a rehabilitation which, for a fortnight, spreads despondency along the docks and in the cafés of Piraeus. In the end, though, Homer succumbs to Ilya's incorruptible hedonism and takes farewell of the Isles of Greece with a greater affection for Aphrodite and less regard for Aristotle.

Ilya is played by Melina Mercouri (she was the Magdalene of *He Who Must Die*), who brings to the part an abundance of joy that makes the darling prostitute almost plausible. She is surrounded by a company of male Greeks who match her vitality and her lust for everything in life that can be touched or tasted or sung. Huge, laughing, dancing, brawling sea rovers, they seem straight from the deck of the "Argo." The scenes in which the Greeks gambol together are a refreshment and a liberation in these queasy times.

But Mr. Dassin has the misfortune to cast himself in the role of the American. It is distressing that a man endowed with a directing skill so deft and witty should permit himself to stalk destructively through the delicate make believe he has created. He strives for ironic whimsy and he achieves oafish cuteness. Nevertheless, Dassin's work from behind the camera is so lovable, and in its way so shrewd, that one must put up with his gaucheries out front. He operates on a shoestring, and probably he was the only American in town.

WITH *The World of Apu*, Satyajit Ray concludes his trilogy of modern India. In this picture, the son of the family, his student days completed, is testing and unfolding his writing talent in the world of free impoverishment. Fate, and his generous heart make him a bridegroom; marriage makes him a lover and breadwinner; fate again bereaves and maddens him. The film reaches peace, and the saga comes to an end, with the young man's realization that he must bow to the will of existence. It is the lesson that his father, that mystic clown, was practicing a generation earlier in *Pather Panchali*, the first of the sequence.

Ray's trilogy is a noble statement of the content of life, told with the simplicity of greatest wisdom. It is, however, remote from our Western attitudes and responses, and the fact that several of the figures in the narrative are partly "Westernized" only etches the difference. There is something endearing about the young scholars who treat each other with the stern intellectual affection they suppose appropriate to university men, and who succeed only in looking like a happy scene from *La Bohème*. The fact is that they are never less Western than when they play at being Coleridge.

If our age survives and we continue to exchange our works of imagination across cultures, we shall have to develop a new way of looking at art. No one can expect to respond from within to all the expressions of the human spirit. If it troubles us that a work as warm and poignant as Ray's trilogy somehow fails to summon our participation, it may be that we are asking

LIBERALISM IN TEXAS

TEXAS is the source of much corrosive, reactionary wealth in American affairs—but also of virile, original liberalism.

THE TEXAS OBSERVER, called "an eloquent voice of the Texas eggheads" by **The Reporter**, has shaken up the whole politics of the state during the last six years—has broken state scandals of public theft and of social neglect—and regularly proposes reforms of national relevance. In addition it offers, on its back pages, intelligent comment and insight on "the provincial culture", including East Texas and the South, and is thus **"a window to the South."**

THE OBSERVER NEEDS NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Send $5, with your name and address, for one year of dedicated, literate liberalism from Texas to:

THE OBSERVER
504 West 24 Street, Austin, Texas

$175,491 to Writers

Your unpublished manuscript may be valuable! Our famous subsidy plan has returned $175,491 to writers in the past five years. We will publish, advertise, distribute your book and pay you 40% of retail price. Send for **FREE BROCHURE N.**
Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., New York 3

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14

☐ One Year, $8
☐ Two Years, $14
☐ Three Years, $20
☐ 6 Months, $4

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE.... STATE.....
11-5-60

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too much of ourselves. In the West we cannot build epics on the theme of submission. What we can do is understand that a great people sees life in these terms and enjoy the æsthetic consequences of their insight. The attitude is like that of an honorable man attending services in a temple not his own. Here on earth, too, there are many mansions.

JEAN RENOIR's *Picnic on the Grass* is concocted from the excellent notion that Pan is not the god to knuckle under to artificial insemination without a fight. Eugenic theories are sent spinning in a gale quite literally whipped up by the great goat, and the idea has on paper the most enticing possibilities.

Unfortunately, it turns out to be a paper thesis. The performers look ill at ease—unconvinced by their own antics and a little embarrassed—and Renoir's direction searches about in the attic of valid old styles for a workable mood. It is not easy to understand how a director as great as Renoir could persist in such a blunder; it would be easier to forgive him for it if he had not appropriated the title of Manet's masterpiece. *Hubris* is the word for it.

RESORT

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.

RELAX in a friendly atmosphere. Golf at a magnificent Country Club. Dancing. Entertainment. Superb cuisine. Fireproof Bldg. Elevator service. Group facilities. In New York City call at local rate.

FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449

FOREST house
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

HOUSE FOR SALE

UTTERLY CHARMING colonial salt box near New Milford, Conn., three bedrooms, two baths; completely furnished with many genuine antiques; oil heat; situated on beautiful grounds with running brook. Sacrificing at $18,500 to settle estate. Box 493, c/o The Nation.

FARMS & ACREAGE

"FARMS — ACREAGE, Columbia County." Gracious summer living on 97 acres with magnificent Berkshire view. Recently renovated Farm House, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths; 2 car garage and studio; concrete swimming pool with patio, filter system and bath house. Accessible to Tanglewood, Pittsfield or Albany area. Asking $32,500. **Berkshire Farm Agency, East Chatham, New York. Chatham 8-5018.**

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$70 WEEKLY—home spare time. Simplified mail bookkeeping. Immediate income—easy! **Auditax, 34757EA., Los Angeles 34.**

Advertising Rates

Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3-line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch. (min.)

The NATION
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE exhibitions of Ad Rheinhardt at Parsons and Section 11, of Joseph Fiore at Staempfli, and of Cy Twombly at Castelli indicate an assimilation of the Oriental influence in American art. This influence began with the opening of Japan a hundred years ago, and showed first in the work of Whistler and the water colors of Winslow Homer. It appears in a distinctive attitude toward nature and art, something like this: man's relationship to nature is not one of domination, but adaptation; nature is not an object of material conquest, and aesthetics instead of science is the mode of understanding it. From adaptation follows passivity, which leads to subtlety.

Rheinhardt takes the idea of non-objectivity quite literally. His tall new paintings appear at first sight almost evenly black — then you see that they are divided with absolute symmetry into rectangles in a cruciform pattern. The difference between one color and another is very slight and there is no play of textural variation, except as much as one sees on velvet, brushed in opposite directions. Rheinhardt is not non-objective in order to express the nature of nature or his medium more sharply: like Whistler he could say that the last step in the completion of a painting is to cover all traces of how it was done. Whistler is the painter Rheinhardt resembles most closely. Like Whistler he takes from the art of the Far East its decorativeness. In some of his early paintings the vertical rectangle is made up of a zigzag of horizontal strokes recalling characters incised horizontally on Chinese bowls. The red is Chinese, and the favorite enclosing shape is that of a hanging scroll, or of a screen. Chinese art was Byzantine in its adherence to tradition. Rheinhardt would like to see the establishment of a new and strict Academy. He believes that the proper subject for art is aesthetics, and to the humanists or the socially conscious who say in their various ways that man's chief concern is man, he might answer that man in his smallness should behave with decorum.

THAT subtlety is not exclusively an oriental virtue, however, can be seen by looking at the Giacomettis across the hall in the Janis Gallery. The figures sitting in rooms, emerging and melting into the gray surroundings, have as narrow a color range as Rheinhardt's abstractions. They are defined by a web of white and dark lines of a delicacy equaled by the closeness of the two colors, warm and cool; the subtlety is obvious and rich. In Rheinhardt's paintings, once you have penetrated his darkness like a mask worn at a fancy dress ball, and found the subtlety of color relationships which do not oppose warm to cool, everything is there on the surface, there is is no more; quite the contrary to Giacometti, who keeps on revealing himself.

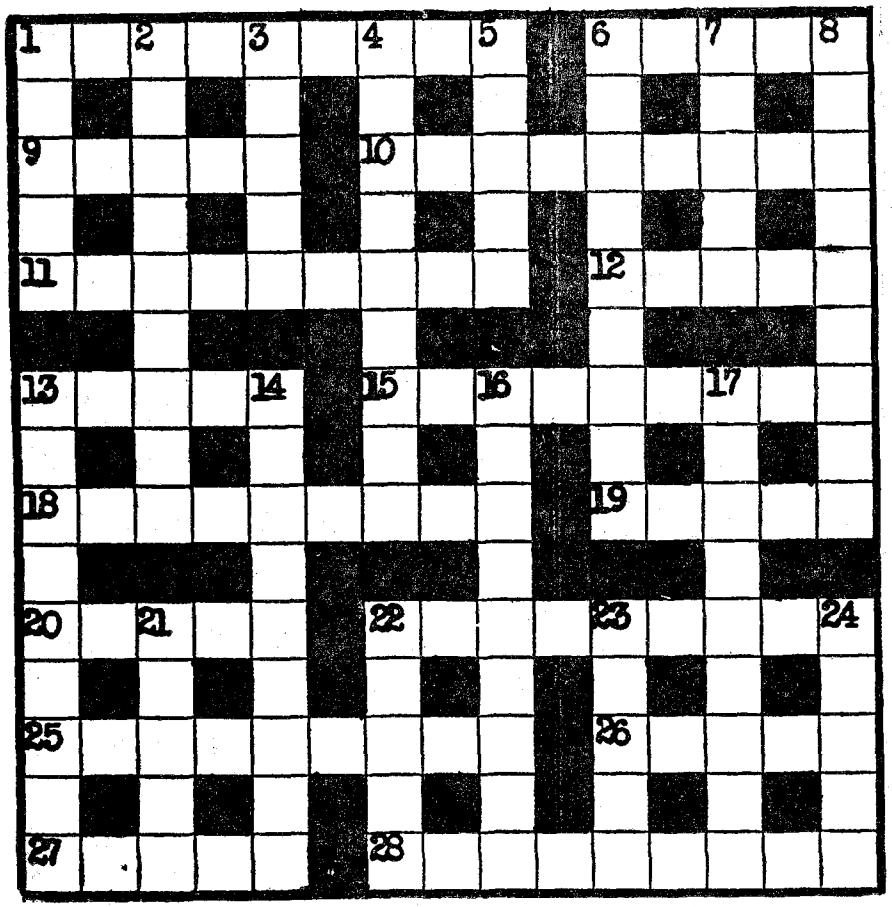
Fiore's more or less abstract landscapes seem to express the oriental view that man's value inheres in an equality to the other small parts of an immense whole. The paintings, done from memory, are unspecific as to place. He is specific about such things as the quality of a storm from the sea in Maine, the Maine light, the way the land is divided from the water (which is different on different coasts), the blackness of a north wind, the color of deep water over rocky bottoms, the green of short and intense summers; and that nature is continuous beyond any aspect of it. Some painters conquer nature through aesthetics in arrangements of objects. Fiore does not usually paint separate things — isn't a valley, a storm, weather, light, a relationship? His paintings as a whole are less objects than Rheinhardt's, since the relationships imply that each painting is in a sense a fragment. His color, remembered from observed relationships, points to no object or place, but only to itself; and its beauty, that leaves out all dullness, lies in its aesthetic accuracy. Where Rheinhardt expounds the decorum of the aesthetic point of view, Fiore gives an example of it.

TWOMBLY also exemplifies the importance of the little. His little things are not parts of a nature that dwarfs man, but the little things that people do compared to a much larger world of all human activity. He is a humorist, too accepting, too adaptive for satire. For satire, after all, is an angry assertion of man's failure to be heroic. Twombly's huge white paintings are like walls on which incomprehensible dirty jokes have been scribbled—jokes which turned into art even while they were being put down; a few numbers; a few touches of pink and blue—the doodles in a telephone booth. Like Fiore, he exemplifies the importance of the little in the equality of the small details. In Fiore's paintings these are color atoms; in Twombly's graphic and textural paintings, the atoms are tactile. He expresses himself in the quality of his touch, which is humorous, respectful and very appealing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 888

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Where one gets the sign for a short pause, and nods in an off-hand manner to the troops assembled. (9)
6 and 13 down Exercises in the key of B, perhaps, are not exactly illegal! (5, 9)
9 They should be hard tips. (5)
10 These letters out of focus have to be willing to give. (9)
11 Having several planes in the air, Dr. L.? (9)
12 Certainly a town has a right to loyal service! (5)
13 Called for, as a book might be. (5)
15 Rough roads, even with this, might imply hard work. (9)
18 Not even with this quality? (9)
19 How some letters are classified? (5)
20 If the sort of reputed auto-arrester is here? (5)
22 Attack in the spirit of wanton slaughter. (9)
25 Register with Benny Goodman, when he plays "Sweet and Low."
26 Certainly not drowsy at a keen party! (5)
27 This well might be either a boat or a flower. (5)
28 Stationed for use as quickly as possible after venomous attack. (9)

DOWN:

1 An obscure trace of it might be used in proof. (5)
2 How the bird sang over Hallie? (9)
3 Passage of Man, by the sound of it.
4 Varying circumstances of the Frogman? (9)
5 This boat sounds somewhat less than standard to such as Morgan (5)
6 This coal's a poor substitute for a classical commentator! (9)
7 Surprise your friends with what was built for Minos! (5)
8 Moved in retrograde fashion. (9)
13 See 6 across
14 Are those with low I.Q. like 7 down?
16 Hang out, perhaps, like that which we all turn to, which proves uninteresting. (3, 2, 4)
17 Antagonistic. (9)
21 Self-proclaimed statement of importance? It's mad! (5)
22 A rope spinning act on the stage?
23 What the heroine of Iolanthe was to give. (5)
24 Rows of wrappers. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 887

ACROSS: 1 Obituary column; 9 Fulgent; 10 Indents; 11 Railed; 12 Advances; 14 Dust mop; 15 Meets; 17 Entry; 19 Reactor; 21 Giantess; 23 and 1 down Change of fortune; 25 Scholar; 26 Alewife; 27 Hard-boiled eggs. DOWN: 2 Ill wind; 3 Uselessly; 4 Ruth; 5 Child's play; 6 Lydia; 7 Manacle; 13 Impresario; 15 Matchhead; 16 Shapeless; 18 Trachea; 20 Running; 21 Gash; 22 Tiled; 24 and 8 Galluses.

LITERARY SERVICE

DRAMA!

There is drama in the life of every individual on and off the stage! Oftentimes this drama takes the form of short stories, articles, books and plays.
If you are a writer, amateur or professional, and desire to have your material submitted to the most suitable markets in the U.S.A. we would like to represent you. We are generally considered to be one of the larger agencies in the country today and we have the staff and experience (some 35 years) to give you seasoned, capable advice and service.
The way to start is to write to us for our free literature. Or if you wish to save time, send your material to us for an immediate appraisal, entirely free. May we suggest that you write today?

DANIEL S. MEAD
Literary Agent
Dept. NA-1, 915 Broadway, N.Y. 10

PUBLICATIONS

THE OPEN MIND—a new, militant and informative monthly magazine for Atheists, Agnostics, Freethinkers and other open-minded individuals. Subscription and membership is $3.00 per year. **The Secular Society of America, Inc., Dept. N, 55 Orchard St., Newark, N. J.**

"L'EXPRESS" the leading liberal paper in France today. Send 10c for your sample copy. **Howard Publications, 173 Third Ave., New York 3.**

RELIGION AND LABOR Council of America offers 3 issues of its weekly **Walking Together** free. Sprightly, informative, unique—52 issues for $1! **Write RLCA, 3498 No. High St., Columbus 14, Ohio.**

HELP WANTED

REPRESENTATIVE WANTED in your territory. From your desk you can earn a substantial addition to your income. Only written contacts with your clients! Write for particulars and further details to **VKK-Office, Vienna 66, P.O.B. 128, Austria.**

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis from Your Handwriting
Fee $5.00
ALFRED KANFER
62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.
Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych. journals.
Recipients of research grants

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON. ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.).**

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — Economical, insured moving and storage. **Vans, wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance. The Padded Wagon, Inc., AL 5-8343 (NYC) 569 Hudson Street, New York 14.**

PERSONALS

IMPORTED TYPEWRITER, deluxe features including front tabulator key. Regular value $149.95 — **SPECIAL $67.50, plus federal tax.** Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Ave. (nr. 14th St.), N.Y. GR 3-7819. **1 hour free parking.**

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAN MANKIND CONTINUE TO LIVE WITH THE BALANCE OF TERROR?

116 pp. /Cloth.2.95

From the searching mind and compassionate heart of a top-ranking Belgian diplomat and research engineer comes a warning and a challenge to all mankind: a warning to face the truth about the dangerous game of nuclear war strategy, where the stakes are the lives of every one of us; a challenge to change the course of events and eliminate "The Balance of Terror" before it is too late . . .

EDOUARD LE GHAIT'S NO CARTE BLANCHE TO CAPRICORN

The Folly of Nuclear War Strategy

Edouard Le Ghait, former First Secretary of the Belgian Foreign Ministry, former Ambassador to the USSR and China, who numbers among his ancestors a Governor of Wisconsin and a U. S. Secretary of State, has written a book which brings home its message with inexorable logic.

Here are some of the questions dealt with by Ambassador Le Ghait in NO CARTE BLANCHE TO CAPRICORN.

Is defense possible in a nuclear war? "Public opinion in most countries does not yet realize that in the domain of nuclear strategy the only technically obtainable goal in matters of national defense is defense of the deterrent itself. **Defense of the nation, of its citizens, of its cities . . . is an impossibility."**

Is "limited war" feasible? "From retaliation to retaliation, the caliber of the weapons used would constantly increase and the theater of operations grow continuously . . . total war would soon be reached..."

What are the chances of war by accident or miscalculation? ". . . while a 'prudent lack of haste' prevails in the chancelleries and while world leaders compete with one another in the art of procrastination, the fate of mankind teeters on a tightrope. The fact that a nuclear accident or an error in judgment could precipitate total war becomes day by day more probable. Atomic weapons multiply and the means of instantaneous retaliation are improved to the point of absolute reliability."

Does the public have the power to decide its own fate? "We witness a sort of abdication of political power before technology, of the civilian agency before the military . . . [passivity] tends to give **carte blanche** to certain civilian and military personnel."

Can mankind continue to live with the balance of terror? "When a dangerous situation continues to exist for some time without precipitating accidents, the belief is engendered that the danger has disappeared . . . **just because the balance of terror has continued to exist for a few years without causing an accident, people now tend to believe in the stability of the situation and adapt themselves to it."**

URGENT: TOP PRIORITY!

Ambassador Le Ghait's treatment of these and many other related questions, together with his important proposals for ending the arms deadlock, is **urgent, top priority** reading for every American.

PUBLISHED BY

BOOKFIELD HOUSE, INC., 156 FIFTH AVE., N Y 10

Please send me NO CARTE BLANCHE TO CAPRICORN. Enclosed is ☐ $2.95 cloth plus 25¢ for mailing charges.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....

Money back guarantee. NYC residents please add 3% sales tax. 2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED